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THE FIXED STARS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The fixed stars are those that tremble most."

Why tremble thus, ye fixed stars?
Ye who abide so near
The Fountain of Unfailing Light,
Say, what have ye to fear?

And the Stars answered, "We who dwell
Nearest the Source of Day,
Best know its purity, and dread
To lose or shame its ray."

Oh, Father!—while our star of life
Holds on its wandering course,
Permit no darkening mists of earth
To shade its Guiding Source.

And when no more its twinkling orb
Thro' weeping clouds shall peer,
Grant it all uneclipsed to span
The Everlasting Year.

Hartford, August 1st, 1857.

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BION, THE WANDERER;
OR,
THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE TRAP!

Bion saw that he had called up a doubt in his companion's mind, and he remained silent for awhile; but when he saw how deeply troubled Jack was, he said—

"Perhaps all may be right. I have had a foolish suspicion ever since we looked at the vessel the first time, but there may be nothing in it. I guess it's all right."

"But what made ye suspect, me boy?" asked Jack, with a look and tone which seemed to indicate that he wanted his own suspicions removed.

"Why—I don't know as I could tell," the boy replied. "You know we very often hold suspicions which we cannot explain. But I thought the brig looked too nice for a merchantman; and then the captain didn't look exactly like the captains of trading vessels."

"O—I've seen merchantmen as neat and trim as could be. I guess it's all right."

"Yes—I guess it is, Jack."

"O—I'm sure of it, Bion."

"Yes, Jack."

"And then jest think: If it had been anything dishonest they wouldn't 'a' took two strangers, like you and me, aboard without knowin' whether we was willin' to go in with 'em. Don't ye see?"

"I shouldn't think they would."

"Why—in course they wouldn't."

After this a few moments of silence ensued, and then Jack started up with a new thought.

"Bion, me boy," he cried, while a smile of relief played over his bronze features, "what a pair o' fools we be, to be sure! Look at the crew o' the brig. There weren't only twelve men, all told—for I counted 'em. That settles the question."

"I didn't think of that," returned the boy, who also appeared to be much relieved by the proposition.

This seemed to settle the matter in Jack's mind, and he settled himself calmly back to await the coming of the captain. As he did so his eye rested upon a trunk-like structure, upon the side of the vessel, within one of the state-rooms. It was a large box, some three feet wide by three deep, and took up the whole depth of the state-room in length. It was secured to the deck overhead, and appeared to be quite stoutly framed.

"What is it?" asked Bion, who had also noticed it.

"O—I see now," cried Jack. "It's a water-tank."

At this juncture the captain returned, and having made a passing excuse for remaining so long, he asked Jack if he was ready for duty.

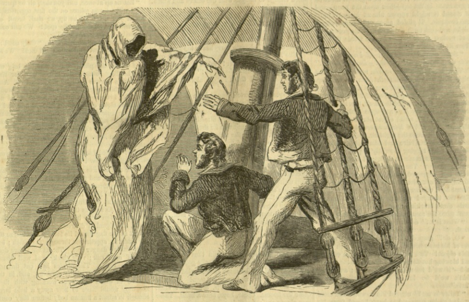
"Yes, sir," replied the seaman. "I'm about as strong as ever now. I was rayther worn down when I come in here seven days ago; but I've picked up fast here."

"Then you may help to get under weigh, and after that I'll find you a chest, and give you your station. Come."

Thus speaking, Warton turned to the ladder, and Jack and Bion followed him. When they reached the deck the commander gave the order for heaving up the anchor; and while Jack went to the windlass, Bion was informed that he might go aloft and unfurl the lighter sails.

The boy felt his heart bound with the old freedom as his feet touched the ratlines, and with flying steps he ascended to his work. The main-royal and top-gallant sails were cast loose, and then he started down and went aloft forward. He had just got the fore-top-gallant sail ready for hoisting when the order was given for unfurling the top-sails and courses. The anchor was apeak, and ready for leaving the ground.

There were only twelve men beside the two new hands; but they were all able seamen, and worked with a will; and ere long the bunts of the heavy canvass were dropped, and the anchor was hoisted to the bows. The sails were sheeted home, the yards run up, and with a graceful sweep the brig turned her head seaward and beat to the breeze.



THE GHOST IN THE RIGGING OF THE WILD STAG.

Captain Warton passed the spot where the boy stood, and then turned and came back.

"Bion," he said, placing his hand upon the lad's head, "you are a smart little fellow; and if you do your duty well you shall have no cause to regret it."

There was something in the sound of the man's voice, and in his look, which the boy did not like. Yet he felt flattered, and with a quick blush he assured the captain that he should always try to do his duty.

As soon as the deck was cleared up, the captain said to Jack—

"You may take Bion and go aft for awhile, and there you can watch our movements and see how we handle our vessel. You will thus learn how to help us hereafter. We have some peculiarities not found in the management of all crafts."

Jack and the boy walked aft to the taffrail, and just as they reached it they heard the order given for *calling all hands!* A man who appeared to be the boatswain sounded a shrill call upon his whistle, and then the word was passed—

"*All hands rig ship!*"

In a moment more, dark-visaged men came pouring up the main hatchway. Jack started, and caught his companion by the arm, but he found the eye of the captain fixed keenly upon him, and he kept his thoughts to himself. He turned his gaze upon the new-comers, and when he had collected his thoughts sufficiently for the purpose he commenced to count them. He found six-and-forty men besides the captain!—all stout, able men!

These men arranged themselves upon either side of the vessel, and at a given word parts of the deck were taken up, and then a stout, portable derrick was brought up, and set over one of the apertures, where the planks had been removed. A heavy fall was let down and hooked to something below, and soon afterwards a large brass gun, with carriage and tackle complete, was hoisted out! This was upon the star-board side of the after-part of the quarter-deck; and Jack now saw the meaning of the box which he had taken for a water-tank! This was the very one he had noticed in the cabin.

The gun hung by the derrick until the part of the deck had been replaced, and then it was lowered, and the derrick moved on to the next aperture. These boxes in which the guns were concealed were let through the deck, and the planking so nicely adjusted that an unpracticed eye would not have detected it. Save in the cabin all these receptacles were concealed by various arrangements, and even there no one would mistrust their real meaning.

While the guns were being hoisted up, two of the men were busy outside in removing the broad strip of white canvass which ran around the vessel above the scuppers; and after all else was done the heretofore hidden ports were thrown open, and twelve guns presented their muzzles through the sides! They were all brass pieces, the two forward and the two after ones being eighteen-pounders, and the others only twelve-pounders. The two after ones were so rigged that they could be quickly hauled in and cast loose, and run out at the stern.

All this time Jack and Bion had stood by the taffrail and looked on without speaking a word; but as the guns were run out, and the captain's back was turned, the boy said, in an uneasy, nervous tone—

"Jack, what shall we do? We are fairly in for it now!"

"Yes, me boy—*we belong to the crew of a pirate!*"

They both shuddered at the sound of the word—that dreadful word—so terrible to an honest sailor at any time, but oh! how deeply terrible to those two deceived wanderers who had been thus caught in a snare!

"But," resumed Jack, as soon as he could compose himself, "we must know how we're a goin' to act. We must have some plan. What shall it be?"

"Hadn't we better pretend to join them willingly for the present?" returned Bion.

"That's what I was a thinkin' of," added Jack. "We must do so. We'll do that till something else turns up. Who knows but we may get out o' this some way? We've come through some hard trials."

"Then we'll make 'em think we join them willingly?"

"Yes—that's the best way."

"And if they should fall in with some ship, and give chase, what shall we do then?"

"We'll have time to think atween now and then?"

At this juncture the last gun was run out, and the captain turned towards the poop. He advanced with a dark smile playing about his eyes, and by the time he came near enough to speak, Jack had gained perfect control over his feelings, and over his face.

"Well, my man—what do you think of this?" said Warton, eyeing the old sailor sharply.

"Why, sir," returned Jack, with an apparent frankness and freedom which could not be doubted, "I think you're a free an' easy set, with a flag of yer own."

"Just so. You think we are rather free in our trade, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir—I should say so."

"Perhaps you think you are on board a—*pirate?*"

"That's my thought, exactly, sir."

"Ah—well—and how do you like it?"

"Why—I think I should like it much better than bein' hanged by them cussed savages; or bein' starved ashore."

"Ah? You're of the right stamp, after all!" cried the captain, in a tone of relief. "You aren't afraid to do your duty with the rest of us?"

"When you see fear in the face of Jack Wallace, sir, I'd like to have you tell me of it. And now I tell ye plainly, if I'd been huntin' for a berth, and there'd been an honest merchantman at one wharf, and you at another, and I'd know'd ye both, I should 'a' took the merchantman. But here I am, free from starvation and bloody heathens, and while I stay here and take my pay, I'll do my duty; and I hope, sir, in return, that you'll be just and kind to Bion and to me, too."

"Good on your head, my brave old salt!" the commander exclaimed, taking Jack by the hand. "You're honest enough to tell me your real opinions, and you shall be treated accordingly. You shan't have occasion to complain while you are true to me.—And now, how is it with you, my son?"

"I don't know, sir, as I can answer you as you wish," returned Bion, frankly, and without the least show of tremor or fear. "Perhaps you can see how I behave."

"Well, I like that. And we *will* see, my boy. And now," the commander continued, turning to Jack, "I'll tell you why I took you as I did. I got short of hands, and had to recruit; and I found that many a man would go at work when once on board, who could not have been hired to come on board if he had been made acquainted with all the circumstances beforehand. Of course, I exercise my own judgment as to whom I shall take and whom reject. Had I found you with a long, hypocritical face, or with a coward look, I should not have brought you on board."

"But do ye find many hands on these shores, capt'n?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yes. It is a better place to recruit in than you would expect. Men who have been cast away, are sometimes found, as I found you; but I oftener find men who have deserted from merchantmen, whalemen and men-o'-war. I can't always find such men as I should like, but I make them answer. I think I shall like you."

"If ye don't, capt'n, it sha'n't be no fault o' mine," replied Jack, emphatically.

"Very well. Now I'll give you your stations."

"I hope ye'll put Bion and me in one watch, sir."

Warton hesitated ere he answered. He gazed first upon the man, and then upon the boy.

"I don't know," he finally said. "That ain't my habit."

"But he is a boy, sir; and he's never been away from me since he first came to sea. For his sake, sir, I beg you won't throw him into another watch among strangers."

The captain pondered awhile, and finally he consented to the arrangement.

"I had planned to have you in separate watches," he said, "but if you'll promise to—to—but never mind—I'll put you together, and see how you work."

"Thank'e, sir."

Jack would have said more, but Warton turned to his boatswain, and ordered him to send all hands aft. The shrill call was sounded, and the word passed, and ere long the crew were all gathered upon the quarter-deck, where Jack had an opportunity to view them more closely than he had heretofore done.

There were the quaint, pitted faces of Erin; the more sombre and heavy features of England; a few of the broad-based heads of Holland; dark-eyed and dark-browed sons of Spain; with a sprinkling of Malay, Arab, and African. It was a motley crew, and among them, Jack was sure he saw some who could not have evil hearts. But the most of them wore that peculiar cast of feature which marks the hardened villain. They arranged themselves in order upon the quarter-deck, and then the captain spoke:

"My men," he said, "I have brought ye two companions—Jack Wallace and Bion Bernard. You will take them to your quarters, and give them welcome. They are friends of mine, and I hope you will give them the hand of good fellowship at once. Wallace must take the place of poor Bill Farnham; and the boy will do the best he can towards making good the place of Frank Limpton. So you will know where to put them, and where to find them."

Then turning to Jack, he added—

"You'll soon find your place, and, of course, you'll understand the necessity of keeping it."

This was spoken in a sort of haughty, distant tone, which at once conveyed the idea that all terms of familiarity were to be dispensed with henceforth. The captain had his place, and the man was to have his. It touched Jack very keenly. He did not mind the authority of the commander, for he had been all his life under strict rule; but when he remembered how very condescending and free Warton had been to entrap him, this sudden and marked haughtiness came with a very unpleasant effect. However, he bowed to his commander, and then moved forward. He had marked half a dozen men, who stood very near together by the lee gang-way, and towards them he made his way. They looked like honest men to him, and he felt sure they had been entrapped, like himself.

It happened that these men, or four of them, at least, were in his watch, and he soon found himself and Bion on very good terms with them.

Soon after the crew had been dismissed, they were piped to dinner. One of the men whom Jack had selected as a friend, came and informed him that he would be in his mess; and he then led both the new-comers to the place where their cloth was spread.

Dinner—rather late—was disposed of, and then Jack and Bion had their hammocks served out, and a couple of chests given them. The chests were small and stationary, but answered every purpose. They packed their clothing away, and were then ready for duty.

During the afternoon, the captain called his officers together, and before dark, it was decided that they should run to the northward, to overhaul, if possible, several rich ships that were known to be bound for Muscat. They were American ships! Jack heard it; and when he had the opportunity, he placed his hands upon Bion's shoulders, and earnestly murmured—

"God help us now!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GHOST.

The pirate brig had been a week at sea, and Jack had employed his time to very good advantage. He had found six men who had been taken from a merchantman that had been robbed and burned. John Ropes was a good sailor, tall and strong, and five-and-thirty years of age; Samuel Beardly was the same, only some eight years younger; Dennis McGuire was thirty, short and stubbed, and a full-blown Irishman,—as were Mark Redland and Thomas Sweeney. Then there were Norris O'Neil, Patrick Nolan, and John Pinto,—the first two stout Irishmen, of middle age, and excellent seamen. Pinto was a Nova Scotia-man, between forty and fifty, and the tallest man on board, being six feet and seven inches, and almost as stout in proportion.

The four first-named of these were in the starboard watch with Jack and Bion, the other four being in the larboard; but they were all anxious to get rid of the brig. All save Dolan and Pinto had been taken from the merchantman. It was an English Indiaman, bound for Canton, and Warton had given these six men of her crew their lives on condition of their joining him. Of course they had sworn to be true; but men may take many false oaths, forced out at the muzzle of a pistol, or the point of a sabre. Dolan and Pinto had been picked up on the coast of Zanguebar, they having been cast away and all hands lost save themselves.

And all these had been engaged in one conflict. Ropes described the affair to Jack as the two sat together in the main-top, where there was no danger of being overheard. It was a pleasant evening, and they had the mid-watch. Bion was below, on the look-out at the bows.

"Yes," said Ropes, in a tone of regret, "we've had one battle since I've been aboard, and a hard one it was for so simple a one. We lost eight men. She was a Dutch brig, bound for the China Sea, and loaded with manufactured stuff of all kinds. We fell in with her near the Carolines, but afore we reached her it fell a dead calm, so 't we had to take to the boats. We lowered the two quarter-boats, and started off with thirty-six men. I was with the capt'n; and so was Sam Beardly, McGuire, Redland, and O'Neil. Warton watched us as a cat 'd watch a mouse. He'd put us in with him so 't he could see if we flinched. But he didn't see no such thing. We knew if we hesitated we'd jest git a bullet from his pistol, so we put a bold face on the matter and kept a stiff upper lip. I made up my mind that I'd keep clear of usin' my cutlass only to defend myself, and if I fired a pistol to be sure it didn't hit anybody.

"Howsumever, there weren't no occasion. Jest as we reached the side o' the brig we got a broadside of musketry that killed five men, and in half a minute more came another fire that killed three more. That was all the fightin' there was. The crew surrendered as soon as we boarded, and Capt'n Warton jest sent 'em aft and bound 'em. I had to help bind 'em, for I didn't dream what he meant to do. After this we ransacked the vessel; found forty thousand dollars in gold, with a lot of silver; and a host of other valuable stuff. This was all taken off, and then the brig was sunk! Thank God I escaped. I couldn't do it. When Warton gave the order for scuttling I sprang to the side and pretended to be very busy in helping get over some of the stuff. But she went down, and every soul of her crew with her! It was dreadful!"

Jack Wallace shuddered at this recital, and for some moments after Ropes had concluded not a word was spoken. But the former at length asked,—

"Don't the capt'n suspect ye?"

"No. I've been very careful. I may 've done wrong; but if I have, I done it to save my life. I haint got the will to die as some folks has got. But I tell ye plainly, and I mean it:—Afore I'd cruelly put a fellow creetur to death as some of these bloody villains do, I'd let 'em kill me. I would, as true as I set here. I may do some things with the hopes of gettin' clear; but that's a thing I couldn't and wouldn't do."

"Well," responded Jack, thoughtfully, "I guess we're all about the same as you be. I would do considerable afore I'd willin'ly give up my life to the miserable cusses aboard this brig. I'd do what you've done; and I'd stop jest where you stopped, too. But who is this Capt'n Warton? Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes," returned Ropes. "The bo's'n told me about him. I don't know what his real name is; and I don't think there's anybody aboard that does. Don't ye remember he said, when ye first come aboard, that Bion Bernard might take the place,—or do what he could towards it—of Frank Limpton?"

"Yes—I remember," said Jack. "And he said I'd take the place of Bill Farnham."

"Yes—exactly. Well—this Frank Limpton was the only one who seemed to know anything about the capt'n's past life,—or, I mean, that know'd who he was. Frank and Bill were both shot by the crew of the Dutch brig. But I'll tell ye what I know. He was once an officer of some kind in the British navy, and his folks were very respectable and well off. He got into trouble first by tryin' to marry the daughter of an English lord. The gal loved him, and he loved her, but her folks wouldn't let her marry him. Upon that he challenged the gal's father to fight, a duel. The old man wouldn't do it; and gave as one reason that he couldn't lower himself so much as to take notice of such a chap. Ye know how these lords can do up the proud writin' and talkin'; and ye can guess about how our capt'n took that sort of thing. At any rate, he wrote the lord a savage, reg'lar fire-eatin', insultin' kind of a letter, threatenin' to cowhide him the first time he had a chance. The nobleman showed the letter to the Lords of Admiralty, and they jest turned the young officer out o' the service. And they done it kind o' cuttin' like, too.

"Ye see, this lord had a good deal of power, and he used it, too. Warton was aboard a line-o'-battle-ship, and the folks as had the handlin' of the business come aboard and had all hands called. Then Warton was called up, and what he'd been doin' was all told off to the officers and men. They told how bad it was for naval officers to insult British noblemen; and said as how 't they never ought to go for to try and break the peace of noble families by seducin' the affections of their daughters without the consent of the parents. Well—arter they'd told over all this stuff, young Warton—he was young then—was read out o' the service; the gold swab was took off 'm his shoulder; and his sword took away from him—all right afore the whole crew and the officers of the Admiralty as had come aboard.

"I tell ye, Jack, when ye come to think of it, *'twas* a pooty hard case. Frank Limpton was a boy aboard the ship at the time. He has told a little. He said as how 't Warton clapped his hands over his face and groaned so loud that they could hear him clear 'way for'rd! When they come to take his sword away he started back, and sang out,—'*Never!* No livin' man shall handle the sword I have worn!' Then he said somethin' 'bout wishin' he could run it through his particular enemy; and then give it fling overboard. He left the ship, and when he got ashore he found Frank had foller'd him. He swore he'd make England suffer if he had his life spared. And I think he has. But—I don't care about helpin' him in his bloody work."

"By the pipe o' doom," uttered Jack, after he had pondered awhile upon what he had heard, "that was hard, at any rate. By thunder, I don't wonder 'at he was savage and 'vengeful."

"But 'taint right, Jack," said Ropes, argumentatively.

"O—in course 'taint," quickly and emphatically added Jack. "I was only sayin' 'at he had mighty strong ground for revenge. That's all. In course 'taint right to turn pirate, nohow."

"No," added Ropes, with a sympathetic shake of the head; "and he as keeps at it must sooner or later meet a bad end. And I tell ye, it's an end *I* don't want to come to, nohow."

"Nor I, either," responded Jack, with much feeling. "And now the question is, how are we to get rid of it? How many do you s'pose there be that we could depend on to stand by us to the very death if necessary?"

"I can't think of only ten of us in all. There's you and Bion; and then me, and Beardly, and McGuire, and Redland, and Sweeney, and O'Neil, and Dolan, and Jack Pinto. All o' them I'm sure on; but I can't find any more. There may be others, but I tell ye it's kind o' ticklish work to break the matter to 'em. The first breath that leaks out just sends us off flukin'. That's sure."

"Well. We must keep our eyes open, and study up some plan. I tell ye, Ropes, I'm in hopes somethin'll turn up to help us."

"And I hope 'twill turn up afore long," resumed Ropes; "for there's a British sloop-o'-war cruisin' about arter us, and if we're taken it 'll be hard for us to prove our innocence. Ye see, we'd have to fight, or die,—one or the two. If the sloop should overhaul us, and we refused to fight, the rest of the crew would jist be ordered to shoot us down; and 'twould be done, too. And if we do fight, why—how can we make the men-o'-wars-men believe in our innocence? So if we fall in with the chaps we'll be in for a swing any way."

Jack saw the justness of his companion's reasoning, and was upon the point of making some reply, when the officer of the watch hailed the top.

"Main-top, there!"

"Hallo!" returned Ropes.

"Stand by to reef topsails!"

The two men now noticed, for the first time, that the wind was veering, and changing from a steady breeze into fitful puffs. Eight bells were struck—four o'clock—and all hands called. The topsails were close-reefed; the top-gallant sails taken in; and a single reef taken in the courses. After this the starboard watch went below and turned in. Jack touched Ropes upon the arm as they reached the berth-deck, and simply whispered,—

"Keep mum. I've got somethin' to think on!"

There was no opportunity to say more, for men were near who had quick ears.

It was three nights after this before Jack and his friend had an opportunity to converse in safety. On this occasion, as before, they had their watch in the top, though it was on the first instead of the mid-watch. Jack had been pondering upon the subject, and had arrived at a point which he thought worth considering.

"How is it about this sloop-o'-war?" he asked, having assured himself that no one was in the rigging below or above them. "Where is she?"

"We don't know," returned the other. "Ye see the capt'n has a sort o' look-out at three or four different places. There's one at Diamond P'int, below Calcutta; and there's one at Hong-Kong; and then there's one at Muscat; and, I think, one or two more. At Zanguebar we got word from Diamond P'int that the sloop-o'-war had left there on purpose to cruise arter us; but the man didn't know where she was bound. Howsumever, I think she's turned her nose towards the Carolines, and means to keep on into the Arabian Sea."

"Have ye got any reason for thinkin' so?"

"Why—I've got this much: They know there's a number o' rich ships bound to and from Muscat, and they must know that Warton 'll be arter 'em if he knows it."

"Aye, aye,—that's reason, sartin," responded Jack; "and if 'tis so, then we're likely to fall in with her at any time."

After this Jack went on and told to his companion the plan he had formed in his mind. He said that Bion had given him the hint, and helped him work it out; but he had fixed it up, and put it into as good shape as he could. Ropes listened attentively, and when Jack had concluded he placed his hands upon his knees, and with strong emphasis said,—

"You've did it!"

"I think 'twill work," Jack suggested.

"If we meet the sloop we'll try hard to make it work, anyhow," was the response of the other. "We must post the others up as soon as possible."

From that time until the mid-watch was called the two men conversed upon the subject, and the result was, that several important points were more carefully arranged than before.

That very night Ropes had an opportunity to inform McGuire of their plan, and he promised to do what he could towards enlightening the others.

And, bettter still,—Jack Pinto came down during his watch—he belonged in the larboard watch, it will be remembered—to get his pea-jacket, and as he went to his chest he passed Jack Wallace's hammock. Jack happened to be awake, and he seized the opportunity to whisper his plans into the tall man's ears. The latter listened and questioned until he had become thoroughly initiated, and then he glided forward and slipped up the fore hatchway.

During the mid-watch Pinto had opportunity to inform the other three who were with him,—Sweeney, O'Neil and Dolan;—and on the following day the whole party had learned the plot which Jack Wallace and the boy had projected. The party was small, to be sure—only ten in all,—and opposed to them were thirty-nine! But they took courage, and resolved to stand by each other to the very death.

Another week passed away, and during that time the mutineers had managed to confer together as much as was necessary without exciting the least suspicion; and during that time a fearful panic had seized a part of the crew. A *ghost* had been seen repeatedly—a tall, white object, flitting hither and thither, sending forth the most unearthly groans, and filling the mind of the more superstitious with strange dread.

Various measures had been taken to discover the meaning of this strange visitant, but as yet none of them had succeeded. Watches had been set, and many a chase given to the ghostly presence, but without effect. It came at night—it made its appearance in the top—then upon the poop—and if chased it might appear almost instantly upon the bowsprit. It glided among the hammocks at night, and sent forth the most horrible groans. It had spoken many times, and the words that fell from its lips were these:

"*Secure me, and you are safe;—if I escape you a terrible death awaits you! Death!—Death!—Death!*"

These words had been spoken repeatedly. One night they were howled forth from the maintop. Jack Wallace and Ropes came sliding down by the cluegarnets in a paroxysm of fear; but upon the instant they touched the deck, the same howl came from the fore-top, and upon looking up the watch saw a tall, white object standing erect by the mast. A yell of fear, answered by a wild, demoniac laugh, broke the night air, and in a moment more Dennis McGuire and Mark Redland came down the fore rigging as swiftly as possible.

The captain came on deck and inquired what was the matter. The officer of the watch told him what had happened, and he had just turned to McGuire to ask him what he had seen, when the dismal howl was heard upon the berth-deck. Yells like the tortured screams of a hundred racked souls came breaking upon the ear, and in a moment more the men came rushing on deck.

"What is it?" demanded Warton, hurrying forward.

"O, sir!" gasped one of the frightened men—one of his most faithful villains—I saw such a terrible object! Tall as a mast; with eyes of fire; and blowing hot flames from his mouth! And he said—'if we'd take him we'd be safe; and if we didn't we'd be lost!' It was taller'n Jack Pinto."

"Taller 'n me?" uttered Pinto, who stood close by, just as he appeared to have leaped from his hammock. "Aye—he was twice as tall, and all doubled up!"

"What can he be made of?" queried the mate, who had charge of the deck. "First he appeared in the maintop; and as soon as the men came down he made his appearance in the fore-top; and then, almost before the watch in the top could slide down, he is on the berth-deck! By heavens! what does it mean?"

"I don't know how 'tis," said Mark Redland, in a tremulous, frightened tone, "but I thought his face looked like Frank Limpton. Dennis and me was in the fore-top. We was a settin' on the bunt o' the studdin'-s'ls, when I looked up and seed the ghost. It was tall—taller 'n Frank ever was—but I'm sure he had Frank's face. Says he to me,—'*Do ye know the cross o' Saint Albans? Ye'll find me there!*'"

Capt. Warton started back and walked quickly aft.

Redland was not the only one who knew why the captain was so affected. Frank Limpton had been of a communicative disposition, and told many things which he ought not to have told; and among them was the fact of Warton's having murdered one of his bitterest enemies, and buried him, at night, close by the cross of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. But the captain dreamed not that Frank had told of such things.

After a while the off-watch went below again, and during the rest of the night all was still and quiet. There was nothing more seen of the ghost; but the spirit was at work—a spirit of far more power over the destinies of the pirates than man ever yet found in the presence of mere white-robed night-phantoms!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GHOST SPRINGS A TRAP!

Jack Wallace had carried out his ghost plan to perfection, though the purpose for which his ghost-ship had been brought into being was not yet fulfilled. All his confederates had been engaged in the deception, and thus they had been enabled to produce a seeming presence of ubiquitous powers. At such times as they wished to create an alarm, each one would take a white sheet, carefully stowed away beneath his jacket, and then make his appearance, "all in white," upon a pre-concerted signal. So, if the ghost appeared in the main-top, before any examination could be made in that place, it would utter its howl upon the forecastle, or in the fore-top; and then, as some of the crew, more bold than the others, would start forward, the spirit would appear upon the berth-deck, where he would "mysteriously" disappear altogether.

This had been carried on so carefully, and with such effect, that those not in the secret were in a state of continuous excitement, and Jack knew very well that if the announcement were made that the ghost had been caught in any particular locality, the men would rush thither instanter.

By care and shrewdness the ten mutineers had managed to gain possession of a pair of pistols for each man, together with powder and ball, which they had concealed in their hammocks. They had also become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and the most perfect confidence was held by each towards his companions. Bion was found to be a valuable hand, not only as a medium of communication between the members of the different watches, but some of his suggestions were of vast importance.

On the morning following the appearance of the ghost as last recorded, just as the watch for the forenoon was being called, the look-out upon the fore-topmast crosstrees reported a sail.

"Where away?" shouted Warton, springing forward.

"'Bout two points on the weather bow," was the reply.

"Can you make her out?"

"No, sir."

"Which way is she standing?"

"Can't tell, sir."

"Keep a sharp look-out."

"Aye, aye, sir."

All was excitement in a moment. The brig was now in the Arabian Sea, and near the track of vessels bound to and from Muscat. The wind was from the East, blowing about an eight-knot breeze, while the pirate's head lay very near nor'-nor'-west, thus giving her the wind abaft the beam.

In fifteen minutes the look-out reported that the strange sail was square-rigged; and in five minutes more he said she was a ship.

"Where's Bion?" cried the captain.

"Here, sir," the boy replied, hastening up.

"Take this glass aloft to the look-out. Quick."

"Aye, aye, sir." And thereupon the lad took the glass and hastened away.

"What can you make out?" cried Warton, some minutes after the look-out had received the glass.

"She's a ship, sir,—standin' to the south'rd and east'rd. I can jest see the heads of her tops'ls, sir; and they're heavy ones, with black yards."

"The sloop-o'-war, for a ducat!" Warton exclaimed, as he heard this report.

There were men on board that brig whose hearts leaped painfully at this announcement, and more than one of them had to turn away their heads to hide emotions which they dared not have seen. It was a moment of startling effect. Those ten souls that had waited so eagerly for this time were in arms now, and ere long they had become composed enough to mingle with the others and watch the coming ship

"Do you think she is the sloop-o'-war?" asked one of the officers, hailing the look-out.

"Can't tell yet, sir; but she rises fast."

"I'll find out what she is," remarked Warton. "Some of these Indiamen carry heavy top-hamper."

"She lifts her courses!" reported the look-out.

"What d'ye think of her?" asked the captain.

"I think she's a man-o'-war, sir!"

"You do, eh? I think I'll go aloft and take a look myself."

Thus speaking Warton leaped upon the nettings and started up the rigging, and having gained the crosstrees at the fore-topmast head, he took the glass and viewed the stranger himself. At the expiration of about ten minutes he shut the glass and started down, bidding the man to follow him. He hurried to the poop and turned to his crew.

"That fellow is a British sloop-o'-war," he said, in a calm, confident tone; "and I think our best plan is to show her our heels. We'll give 'em a specimen of sailing that'll strain their eyes if they keep us long in sight. Tacks and sheets!—Stand by!—Ease off to leeward!—Round in on the weather braces!—Up with the helm!—Easy!—Round in there to windward!—So! Steady!—Belay all!"

The brig was now upon the larboard tack, with the wind right abeam, and as she bent gracefully to the breeze, the spray flew off to leeward in showers.

"Aha! Look a' there!"

The men turned as the captain thus spoke, and saw the ship's weather studding-sails going up.

"Guess we'll try the same game," cried Warton. "Aloft, all you fore and main-top men! Stand by to set the larboard stud'n's'ls, below and aloft. Clear the booms. Come, boys, bear a hand. These men-o'-war are, some of 'em, pretty swift."

In a very few minutes, the pirate's studding sails were all drawing upon the larboard side, and as the log was thrown, she ran off ten knots. The breeze seemed to have freshened.

For an hour the chase continued—for it was very evident that the ship was in pursuit—and during that time, it was difficult to tell which was gaining. They seemed to occupy about the same relative positions as when the brig first set her studding-sails. The captain said he could settle it; and, taking his glass, he went up to the main-top-mast cross trees, and there took a careful survey of the ship.

"There ain't two cables' lengths difference between our distance now and when we first turned our heel upon them," he said, as he reached the deck. "I'll tell ye, it's just about an even thing."

And during this hour, our ten mutineers had been trying to keep their hearts still. They had a fearful task before them, and they wished it were done. They gazed around upon the stout men, four times their own number, and they fully realized how much good fortune was needed in their behalf. All the others watched Jack, and he knew it. He knew that all depended upon him. His heart was firm and strong, and a calm, half-smiling look of self-assurance sat upon his broad, bronzed face. He paced up and down the gangway, at times gazing off upon the distant canvass of the man-of-war as it reflected the bright sunbeams, and anon bending his eyes to the deck, and pondering upon the work before him. His companions saw how calm he was, and their own hearts were strengthened. They had their pistols hidden away where they could be seized at any moment; and they now only awaited the signal of their acknowledged leader.

An hour and a half had now passed since the chase commenced, and it was evident that the brig was gaining. She had gained not over an eighth of a mile, if she had that; but it was a settled point that she could run a little the fastest. Hence the crew were all assured, and the officers on very good terms with themselves and their vessel. When the sail first appeared, and there was thought to be a prospect of warm work, the captain had ordered a tort of grog to be served to each man, while he and his officers had their beverage in the cabin.

By-and-by Jack gave a private signal to Bion. The boy slipped quietly below, and in a few minutes he came running up, with terror in his looks, and in frightened tones he cried—

"*The Ghost! the Ghost!*"

"Where? where?" asked a score of voices, as Jack and his companions hurried below.

"Oh! I saw it on the berth deck! It was in a winding-sheet, and all covered with blood!"

Of course the men hurried down the ladder, and as they reached the deck, Jack was ready to receive them.

"I saw it! I saw it!" the old sailor shouted. "'Twas all covered with blood! It's gone into the bread-room! Come on. We'll have the door opened. I tell ye there's some humbug about it! Where's the axes? Down with the door!"

"Hallo! Where is this ghost?" exclaimed the captain, making his appearance at this juncture, followed by such of his officers as were not already down there.

"In the bread-room!" returned a dozen voices. "come let's have him out!"

Pinto was at the wheel, O'Neil on the look-out, and Dolan on the forecastle, they having managed to get these three stations which could not be left. Every other man had rushed below. The key to the bread-room was gone, but an axe was brought, and as the first blow was struck, Jack Wallace and his associates slipped quietly and quickly on deck. The hatches had been so fixed that they could be shut and fastened at a moment's need; and the instant the mutineers reached the deck the work was done. The hatches were thrown over; the stout bars put across and bolted down!

The plan had thus far worked better than they had even hoped, for not a soul was on deck save their own men. They had expected to have one or two left to take care of; but they were alone in possession of the pirate brig for the present!

Everything had been so perfectly arranged, that there was no clashing. While Jack stood at the main-hatchway, with a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other, and Ropes at the fore-hatch, armed in the same way, the others sprang to the sheets and braces, and wore the brig around upon the other tack, as soon as possible, paying no attention to the studding-sails, but letting them flap and flutter as they would.

This was all done in a very few moments, and then Bion took the wheel, and the men stationed themselves at the hatchways There was no one in the cabin, nor was there any communication from the berth-deck to that place; yet they thought it best to secure the companion way, which they did; for some of the pirates might break through the bulkhead.

As might be expected, the din below was awful. The entrapped pirates saw the plot, and the various degrees and qualities of vengeance which they swore to heap upon the heads of the mutineers was dreadful to hear. The captain's voice was at length heard alone. He was at the main-hatchway, and had succeeded in quieting his men.

"Hallo!—you Jack Wallace!" he yelled.

"Hallo, yourself!" returned Jack.

"Let us up at once, and you shall all be spared; and I will set you ashore on the first opportunity. But if you don't let us up, we shall break our way, and you all die on the spot! We can come up easily, for we have axes!"

"Then come up," shouted Jack. "Only mind:—The first man that shows his head dies! We are well armed up here!"

Of course the pirates knew that the brig was now heading towards the man-of-war, for they knew when she was put upon the other tack. And, knowing this, they knew that a short time would bring the two vessels together; for they had not been over eight or ten miles apart at first, and as they were now sailing towards each other, at the rate of ten miles an hour each, half an hour would bring them side by side.

"Will you let us up?" cried Warton, still at the main hatch.

"No!" replied Jack. "You trapped me for your own good, and now I've trapped you for mine!"

After this the axe was plied again. They had but one below, and there was but little danger in their cutting through before the sloop-of-war came up. Bion and Mark Redland were sent to take in the top-gallant studding sails, while McGuire took the helm. As soon as these light sails were off, the English ensign was hoisted at half-mast, union down, as a signal of distress.

Just as the flag spread its folds to the breeze the axe made its appearance through the hatch; but there was no danger yet. The hatches were double; of solid oak; very thick; and well bound with iron bands. The pirates had cut through near the after part of the combing, and, in the manner in which they were working with their axe, they would have to hew away a hole large enough to admit a human body before they could come through; for they could not knock the hatch off—that was impossible.

Jack Wallace saw the edge of the axe as it made its appearance through the slight gap, and with a nod and wink of perfect assurance he said—

"Let 'em bang away. They may make a hole big enough to poke a head through, and then we'll jest knock it back."

"They're safe enough," returned Ropes. "These hatches was made to be strong, and I reckon they find 'em so about this time."

"Hark!" uttered Pinto, who had just come from the wheel, Bion having relieved him. "Ha! they're bangin' away at the cabin bulk-head!"

"If they beat that down we'll have to look sharp; for 'twouldn't take much to smash open the door of the companion-way."

No effort had yet been made at the fore-hatch, and as that was firmly secured only one man was stationed there. As for the main hatch, two men were enough there—at any rate, until the pirates had cut a larger hole than they were likely to have time to cut—so Ropes and McGuire remained there, while the others went to the cabin companion-way.

The two vessels were now five miles apart, and the sloop-of-war had clewed up her courses.

"She's preparin' for action," said Jack, as he noticed the movement.

"Sartin," responded Pinto. "She thinks we're a goin' to give her battle. But I don't think she'll fire."

"Why not?" asked Redland. "If they think we're goin' to give 'em battle they may give us a broadside afore they find out the truth."

"If they're anyways decent they'll see 'at we don't mean to fight afore they git near enough to throw a broadside," returned Jack. "They'll see our flag union down; they'll see 'at we haint only a few men on deck; and they'll see, too, 'at we haint took the tompi'ns from the muzzles of our guns. They must be fools if they fire upon a brig under such circumstances."

Redland saw the force of Jack's reasoning, and he concluded that they had only the pirates to fear.

"Ha! There they come!" cried Pinto, who had been listening attentively.

At this moment a loud crash below told that the cabin bulkhead was torn down; and in a few moments more the doors of the companionway began to tremble beneath the repeated blows of the axe. Jack Wallace, Redland, Sweeney, O'Neil, Dolan, and Pinto, stood by with raised handspikes, as they thought those ponderous weapons would be more effectual at such work than cutlasses.

Loud and heavy sounded the blows of the axe upon the trembling doors, and louder still came the howls and curses of the maddened pirates.

"Ha! Stand by!"

The starboard door was down!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

JEALOUSY.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Jealous! are you? Well, you've got a *comfortable* guest to entertain, that's all that can be said for you. You must have a great idea of your husband's nobility of character, not to mention the *unmistakeable* nobleness and unselfishness of your own soul. Don't you suppose he is to feel any regard or affection for any person but your own sweet self? Are *you* so exclusive? Don't you think he is ever to enjoy conversation with any lady but yourself? Did his marriage vow forbid all friendship; *all* affection which is not directed to you? Do *you* go upon that view of the case? How came you to scream so, and to rush down stairs, as if about to break your neck, the day that returned Californian entered your doors?

Oh! *he* was "an old and dear school-mate, and a native townsman," was he?—your "brother's best and truest friend; and like a brother to all of you." Very well. What if your husband had caught you just as you fell, (at the foot of the stairs,) all in a heap, into this dear friend's arms? Wouldn't he have had cause to be jealous?

"Jealous of Charles? how absurd! Why, he knows that, though we always loved each other, we were never *in love*—if we *had* been, all we had to do was to get married. It's foolish to talk about being jealous of Charles."

Perhaps! But, if so, why so touchy about your Henry's attentions to *his* old school-mate? Pray, allow him the same liberty that you expect to have for yourself. You think he ought to have faith in you—have faith in *him*; and that will teach him to trust you. Don't let him see that your eyes have been green towards him—he is too noble to do aught that you complain of; but if you show how you have allowed yourself to feel because you have seen that he has some thoughts that are not entirely yours, you will inevitably *come down* a long step in his estimation—and you will not be likely ever to retrieve that step;—beware. He is true to you in all that you have a right to claim. A man's *whole* soul and affections—as a woman's—belong only to the Lord—*each* earthly friend and relation has its own appointed love; but *none* of these ought to exclude *any other true love*. Because one loves one person *best of all*, may he not have many friends who are very dear, and must he be forever stiff and formal to all these lest the ONE be not satisfied? Believe it, wife, husband, *that* connubial love, which can only be kept secure by close watching, *is not worth the trouble*. Further—if thus only it can be kept, it *can't be kept thus*. So that, in any case, you may spare yourselves the pain, mortification, and trouble, yes, and the *meanness*, of being jealous; for if your mate is good and true, there is no need of it; and if not good and true, there is no *use* in it.

TAKEN AND LEFT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Summer lingered in the lap of autumn, and though she had been warned by frosts and chill winds for a month or more, she would not give up her pleasant places, but smiled among the fading leaves and flowers softly as among the full glory of June. The woods to the south of our homestead were dying splendidly, and in the bright mass of their foliage shone at twilight like a painted wall lifted against the sky. The squirrel was leaping nimbly and chattering gaily among the fiery tops of the oaks, and the dun foliage of the hickory, that shot up its shelving trunk and spread its forked branches far over the low beeches, moss-spotted and gray. The graceful elms were yellow as gold, and the redwood and gum, crimson as they could be.

The birds were gone mostly, but the woods were full of pleasant noises—the call and whistle of the schoolboy, the sound of the axe, and the melancholy but not unpleasing murmur of the winds. The trees gave up their treasures of fruits and leaves all the time—the sweet angular beech-burs were dropping steadily; and down from the hickory boughs every now and then fell a shower of nuts, shelling clean and silvery from their black hulls.

The eye and ear were kept busy with the variety, of sight and sound. The streams were shrunken, and in many places their pavements of red, and yellow, and brown stones lay bare and dry, and white along their shelving banks leaned, like columns, gigantic rows of sycamores—all their convolutions of roots buried deep out of sight. Dropping and drifting slantwise into the water, came one by one their broad, rose-tinted leaves, waking and scattering the shadows that slept there; and sometimes plashed down among them a bright yellow walnut, breaking the smooth surface of the stream into a circle that widened to the shore; for, along the banks grew the parent trees, their black bark cut and jagged and twisted into rough diamond work.

Hunters were out with their dogs, and now and then the sharp report of a rifle rung along the woods; or the trailing of some hungry hound started the gray rabbit from his burrow, and you might see him, with ears erect, quivering lip, and great timid eyes, crossing the stubble, fleet and silent as a shadow.

In all that is sad, memory is most faithful, and the long-ago day I have pictured I remember as though it were yesterday: I see her before me whose feet that day waded with mine among the drifts of dry leaves, and strayed with mine where the sycamore leaves and the walnuts were dropping together into the shrunken stream. O, pure and beautiful one, taken to the safe land before temptation had lifted itself higher than thy stature, and compelled thee to listen, to oppose thy weakness to its strength, and to fall, sometimes, at least, let thy face shine on me between the clouds—sometimes let thy whisper of love cheer me on the rough way that I must walk alone. We were coming up together through the land of poesy and charms, when the senses easily believe what the fancy utters, when the heart has no hope and the soul no desire which life's possibilities do not satisfy. We were coming so from the beautiful realm of childhood into the larger and more beautiful realm into which childhood opens, when that spectre met us, feared and dreaded alike by all, and one was taken and the other left.

Sometimes when life is gayest about me, an unseen hand leads me apart, and opening the door of a still chamber, I go in—I see the blue flames quivering and curling close about the smouldering embers on the hearth—hear the soft footsteps and sobbing voices, and see the clasped hands and serene smile of her who alone, among us all, is untroubled. I hear the wind moaning as if in sympathy, at the window, and see the pale moon come and look sorrowfully down—feel again the emptiness and aching at my heart—the earth slides again from beneath my feet, and heaven is higher than my prayers can go, but over the darkness and through the pain comes a voice saying—"She is not dead, but sleepeth," and I am comforted, and go forward, knowing that we shall meet at the end of the journey.

'Tis weary work to wait so long,
But true love knows not how to doubt;
God's wisdom fashions seeming wrong
That we may find right meanings out.

THE INFAMY OF LYING.

Lying does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. There are some practices, which though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence: lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity: and even lies of apology imply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

GRATITUDE.—Gratitude is a prospective, rather than a retrospective virtue.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Sitting in silence and alone,
The shadows round her falling,
Poor Susie made her plaintive moan,
Upon her lost ones calling.

There was no light upon the ground,
Her gloomy foot-path cheering,—
No dawn of hope was spread around
To banish cause of fearing.

She sat in darkness, with her tears
Fast as the shadows falling;
And backward to the vanished years
Her heart was wildly calling.

Long had she struggled bravely on,
But heart and flesh were weary;
And she had cast her down forlorn,
Where all was dark and dreary.

But just before the morn we know
The night is deepest ever;
And in the hour of sorest woe
There 's *one* forsakes us never.

And when poor Susie in the strife
Sank down, and thought to perish,
Beside the rugged path of life,
A friend was sent to cherish;

To raise her from the chilling mould—
Her life and strength renewing;
And cheerly now thro' heat and cold
Her path she is pursuing.

◆

ADA LEICESTER'S HUSBAND.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

My father had kissed me, my brothers had shaken hands with me, my stepmother had congratulated, and my married sister, Emily, had rejoiced over me. And when all these ceremonies had been gone through with, she accompanied me to my chamber, which she was to share, and bolted the door with a triumphant air, as if she was shutting out all care and sorrow, and constituting herself the guardian of my happiness forever.

Do you ask the reason of all this kissing and hand-shaking, dear reader? I was engaged to be married!

I was the only unmarried daughter of the house, and was expected to form a brilliant alliance. My stepmother had carried me to town three seasons, but, though I had plenty of beaux and flirtations on my hands, my careless and dashing manner, and my father's poverty, kept every one from proposing, and my stepmother was in despair. True, I was only seventeen, and I did wonder now and then, why they need be in such haste to get rid of me at home; but it was "the fashion" to marry off girls while yet in their teens, and I began to look upon myself almost as a criminal, when I arrived at my eighteenth birth-day without having ever received an offer.

On the week after my eighteenth birth-day, however, fortune dawned upon us, in the shape of Mr. Aylmer Arlington, an old friend of my father's, who came out to spend a day or two with him at his country seat. I did not see him, on the day of his arrival, till I came down to dinner. Then my father presented me to him with an air of pride that flattered my vanity vastly. I merely bowed then in answer to his courteous greeting, but I found leisure to scrutinize him more closely during dinner. He was a tall and slender man, apparently some thirty-five years of age, dignified, and perhaps a little overbearing in his manner. His eyes and hair were of an intense black, and the small side whiskers with which he embellished his dark face, were of the same color. My sister and my stepmother raved about his beauty, when we ladies went up to the parlor. I suppose he would have been called very handsome by most people, but I did not like his looks—or him!

Mr. Arlington and my father had been old college friends, so I saw nothing strange in his coming to our house, or in his staying so long after he got there. He treated me very much as one might treat a frolicsome child—calling me nicknames, pulling my hair, and sometimes condescending to join me in my sports. When I found that he could unbend—and that he was not afraid of compromising his dignity by a game of ball, or a swing under the shady elm tree, I began to like him very much. My father very wisely let me alone, and allowed Mr. Arlington to make his own way into my good graces. So when, on one pleasant summer evening, after he had been unusually kind all day, he asked me to marry him, I was only a very little startled and shocked, and after a few moments' reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be a most desirable thing. Mr. Arlington was rich, and of a good family, and I knew if my father had not wished me to marry him, he never would have allowed us to be so much together. Then again, I could learn, in time, to forgive him for the crime of having hair and eyes of the same obnoxious color as my own; and if he would always play ball and swing with me, I might as well take him, as to marry somebody who would be as cross as two sticks every time I proposed such a thing. I went up to him and told him so. He smiled good-naturedly and kissed me.

"You are a frank little thing," he said. "And I may tell your father everything is settled."

I said yes, and ran up to my room. And this was the reason why every one was so pleased with me.

I went and sat down in my easy chair by the window, after Emily had closed my door upon them all that night. Everything seemed so new and strange to me.

"Well, Ada," said my sister, as she prepared for bed, "I suppose by this time three weeks you will be in your new home?"

"Three weeks? What do you mean, Emily?" I asked, turning round upon her.

"Oh, father thinks you may as well marry at once, as to have a long engagement," she answered, carelessly brushing her hair before the glass. "You know how fidgetty he is. It was just so when I got married."

"Emily," said I, suddenly, "have you been happy?"

She was a gay, fashionable, worldly woman, but she winced a little at that home question. Recovering herself with a laugh, she answered—

"Of course I have, you goose. Only look at my diamonds, and my carriage horses, and my box at the opera."

"But you didn't marry them, Emily," I persisted. "What about your husband? Are you happy with him?"

"My dear Ada," she said, with her face turned away, "I forgot my catechism long ago. Mr. Morton does very well, I suppose. I am sure I don't trouble my head about him, and sometimes I don't see him for two or three days at a time."

"Oh, Emily!"

"Well—what could you expect?" she asked, tartly. "He is a Wall-street man. I married him for his money, and if I have all I married for, what right have I, or you, or any of us, to complain? Now don't put on that doleful face. Neither Tom Morton nor myself is worthy of it. If you want to get up a romance, take 'my brother, the Colonel,' as Mr. Arlington says, for its hero."

"Who is he, Emily?"

"Bless us and save us, child, hasn't he told you yet? The name is forever on his tongue's end. It is his only brother—five years older than he is, and half an angel, if one would credit his stories. It is 'Edwin' here and 'Edwin' there. I'm sick of the name, for my part."

"But where does he live?"

"Somewhere south, I believe. You'll see him soon enough, for your friend thinks he can't get married without him. I suppose he will be here in a few days. But I advise you to take care of the miserable remains of your heart, for he is a perfect lady-killer. He has them dying around him by scores, while he looks on, as cool as a cucumber."

"Is he married?" I asked, feeling a deep curiosity to know more of this man.

"No, and I believe he pretends he has never been in love," said Emily, yawning. "As if any one was going to believe such a silly story of a man forty years old. Come, Ada, let's go to bed."

I waited till we were snugly ensconced upon our pillows, before I resumed the conversation. Then I asked—

"When will he be here?"

"Who? Oh, the Colonel? I don't know—some time this week, I presume," said Emily, in a drowsy tone.

"And how does he look?"

"Ask your devoted Arlington, and do let me go to sleep," she answered, pettishly.

I said no more. Ere long her profound breathing showed that she was far away in the land of Nod. The moonlight shone in upon her face, and I could not help noticing a restless, anxious, unhappy expression there, that was hidden by her animated smile when she was awake. I looked at her, and wondered if my own heart would find as little rest as hers had done, and if Mr. Arlington and myself were doomed to make another fashionable couple, who only saw each other once or twice a week. Would diamonds as magnificent as Emily's, and a carriage, and a box at the opera, atone for the loss of my husband's love, or hide from the eyes of the world my lonely hearth-stone, and my aching heart? I knew I was never made for a fashionable woman, and I thought not. So, with scarcely a thought of Aylmer Arlington, but with many a one of his brother intruding upon me, I fell asleep.

I took occasion, early on the next day, to ask Mr. Arlington about "my brother, the Colonel." He looked surprised and pleased, and darted out of the room, with more agility than I had ever given him credit for, saying, as he went—

"I will show him to you, Ada."

Returning, he placed a small, oval miniature in my hand, as richly chased as if it had been a gift designed for a lady. I said as much, as I looked at the exquisitely wrought setting.

"It was taken for our mother, five years ago," he said, sadly.

I knew that she had been a beautiful and brilliant woman, idolized by both sons, and that she was dead. I opened the picture in silence.

It was a handsome—perhaps, I may say, a beautiful face, but cold as marble. The regular features looked as if they had never softened, from their intense repose, and the blue eyes looked straight forward, with a calm, keen scrutiny that was painful to bear. The mouth was small, full and firm, and the brown moustache that grew above it, was trimmed close, in a soldierly fashion. The hair was of a warm chestnut color, and did not curl, but lay in massive waves upon a forehead white as marble. He wore an undress uniform, and on one bronzed cheek was a scar like a sabre cut. A cap and sword belt were thrown carelessly on the table beside him, and in one hand he held a sword whose temper he seemed to have been trying.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Arlington, as I laid it down, after taking a long look at it.

"I hardly know. It does not look as I had fancied he would. He has blue eyes, hasn't he?"

"Yes—your favorite color, I believe," said Mr. Arlington, innocently. "Edwin has very beautiful eyes."

"And when will he be here?"

"To-day, by noon, Ada."

I stole away to my room when I heard that. Certainly no pair of lovers were ever less demonstrative than Mr. Arlington and I. He went about his business, and I attended to mine, as usual. We walked together, we played ball, and swung, as usual, but there was little or no reference to *the* subject, and none of the endearments I had feared, at his hands. I began to think a lover was quite a pleasant thing after all.

When I had to go down into the parlor before dinner, that day, I trembled like a leaf, for I knew Colonel Arlington was there. Never had I taken such pains with my dress before. I wore white, over pink, a cluster of apple blossoms in my hair, and one upon my breast. When I entered the room, I knew by the pleased glance my father cast at me, that I was looking my best, but when he led me up to our guest, who was listening courteously to Emily's languid conversation, my embarrassment increased with every step.

"My daughter Ada, Colonel Arlington."

"I am delighted to make her acquaintance," said the deepest and most musical voice I ever heard. "Your youngest daughter, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes."

"And when am I to have the pleasure of greeting my future sister-in-law, Aylmer?" said the Colonel to his brother.

There was a little horrified pause, during which I wanted to laugh.

"Hem!" said Mr. Arlington, coloring deeply. "This is the lady, Edwin."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said the Colonel, extricating himself from his awkward position most gracefully. "Allow me."

His moustached lip was pressed to my hand. I turned away and joined my lover, but only that I might watch the new arrival, unseen by all. He was much handsomer than his portrait, and his tall, portly, commanding figure was admirably set off by the plain undress uniform he wore. His air was grave and serious, but gallant and courteous to the last degree, and if five years had added a few threads of silver to his chestnut hair, they had also removed that impassive coldness which had so offended me, and left a kindly sadness in its place, which was infinitely more charming.

Beside this man, my accepted lover sunk into a mere pigmy. I was uneasy and restless—I blushed when I heard the tones of his voice, or met the serious glance of his deep blue eye, and caught myself, twenty times before the day wore away, stifling a half-formed wish that I had known him before I had met his brother.

It was an idle wish, I know; but my heart warmed to him more and more every hour. I made my escape with Emily from the drawing-room at an early hour that evening. He held my hand in his a moment as we parted, and I felt that those serious blue eyes were studying my blushing face. Stopping a moment in the hall to bid my father good night, I heard him say to his brother—

"She is a frank, free, affectionate child. But, oh, you must be very gentle—very gentle and loving with her, Aylmer."

Could Aylmer be all this, as well as he?

My dreams, I am sorry to say, were not of my betrothed husband that night.

CHAPTER II.

It is a very awkward confession I have to make now; but I suppose it must be done. As the days went on, the knowledge came to me slowly, but very surely, that I loved Colonel Arlington instead of his brother. I was ashamed of myself, and of the feeling, but I could not help it, and went moping around the house, wishing I was dead, and that I had never seen him, and a thousand other silly things which I almost blush now to write.

The colonel, too, seemed changed. At times I fancied he suspected my secret, he was so reserved and cold towards me. Then again, if he devoted himself to my sister Emily, I was torturing myself with the idea that he loved her, married woman as she was. But I never guessed, or dreamed, or imagined what reasons he had for avoiding me, till one day in July, about two weeks after he had joined his brother at our house.

It was a pleasant afternoon, but very still and hot. We had planned a horseback ride to a little waterfall in the neighborhood, but the heat gave Aylmer a headache, and he decided not to go. Seeing, however, how restless and uneasy I was, (for with my miserable secret weighing on my mind, I craved constant motion,) he requested his brother to accompany me in his stead. I started, when this was proposed, and at first I thought the colonel did so, too; but my next glance at his grave face convinced me I must be mistaken, and I went up to my room to get ready. Emily was there. I said nothing to her of my trouble—she would only have called me a silly fool—and she went down stairs to see me off. We waved our hands to them, as we dashed out of the yard, and I saw Arlington say something to my father that made him smile as they turned away. I felt reckless, guilty, angry, and heated. I looked at the Colonel. His black horse was gallopping easily by mine, but he held the reins loosely, and his eyes were bent moodily upon the ground. He seemed unhappy and in trouble. I dared not look at him lest my secret should discover itself in my eyes, and touching my gray with the whip, called out—

"Colonel Arlington, shall we have a race?"

"Pardon me," he said, looking at me a moment, and then turning his eyes away. "I am afraid I shall make but a bad companion. You will wish you had staid at home with Aylmer."

"Not at all. But shall we race?"

"If you please, Miss Ada."

A touch and a word, and our spirited horses were away. We rode like the wind, and the swift motion soothed and calmed me. I loosed the strings of my plumed riding-cap that I might feel the air upon my forehead. Suddenly the wind carried it directly in front of me, and in the very path of my horse.

He was but a half-tamed thing at best, and the fluttering of the long black plumes frightened him nearly to death. He gave a leap and a bound, and was off like an arrow, before the colonel could grasp the bridle. I kept my seat a long while, but I was weak and giddy, and when at last he turned a sharp corner of the road, my head reeled—I felt a sudden crash, and knew no more!

I woke slowly as if from a long and painful sleep, and heard a voice I knew only too well, exclaim—

"Oh, Ada! Darling! Darling!"

It's impossible for me to convey a just idea of the grief and tenderness that found utterance in those few words. I was stunned and bewildered—I only knew that I was lying in *his* arms, and that he loved me! I did not open my eyes—I scarcely dared breathe, lest I should break the delicious dream.

"Darling! Look up! Speak to me!" he cried passionately, and pressed his lips to mine. That fervent kiss broke the spell. I opened my eyes and looked up at him.

"Edwin!"

My voice and face told him all. With an uncontrolable impulse he strained me to his heart, and kissed me madly. But a thought of Aylmer came over me, and I tried to free myself. He understood me at once, and raised me to my feet. He looked almost as pale as I.

"Forgive me—God help us both!"

"Let us go back," I whispered, leaning against a tree, and covering my face with my hands, that I might not meet his eyes.

He said no more, but placed me in the saddle. My horse had stopped when I fell, and remained beside me quietly. It neighed gently as I settled myself firmly in the seat, and started off upon a quiet trot, as if to assure me of its good intentions in the future. Colonel Arlington mounted and followed me in silence. At last we reached the spot where my horse had started, and where my cap was still lying. He dismounted, and brushing the dust from the plumes, gave it to me.

"It tells no tales," I said, with a trembling voice, as I put it on again. "I think we had best be equally discreet, and say nothing of my unlucky fall."

"One word I must say, Ada, in justification of myself," he said, coming up beside me. "Nay, do not shrink away. I hope I am an honorable man; and God knows I would rather lose you, Ada, which will be a thousand times worse than death, than to give my brother one moment's pain. Forgive me for what I have done, Ada—I never meant to wound *you*, my poor lamb."

He took my hand and bowed his face upon it. I felt his warm tears upon it, and knew my own resolution was failing fast. But honor kept us both silent.

"You must leave us," I faltered, at last.

"I know it, Ada. I will go to-morrow."

He sighed heavily, sprang into his saddle, and we said no more till we reached home.

Aylmer was at the door to see us dismount. He began some jest about our long stay, but I did not stop to hear him. I ran up the stairs and locked myself in my room. I hardly know how I passed the time till the tea bell rang. I did not weep. My heart felt stunned and crushed, and I could only walk up and down the room, half-mad with despair and misery, and knowing no way towards light and happiness.

When Emily came for me to go down to tea, she exclaimed at my pale cheeks and heavy eyes. But I think she guessed the cause. She made me let her apply some *rouge*, and I entered the supper-room seemingly as blooming as ever.

To my great relief, Colonel Arlington was not there. Aylmer said he had given up his headache to him for the evening, and he believed he had gone somewhere out of doors with it. I smiled when he said it, and bore his jests about our ride with composure, so that pale and noble face was not before me.

After tea we went out upon the portico. I looked anxiously out over the fields and the high road, or the absent one. At last I saw him coming up the avenue, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent upon his breast. Emily gave me a warning glance, when she saw how my face changed at the sight of him.

"I think Edwin must be in love," said Aylmer, archly, as he watched his slow approach. "But I am sure I cannot guess the divinity, unless indeed it be the fair Mrs. Morton."

"If such was the case, I am afraid my unfortunate husband would have to take himself out of the way as speedily as possible," said Emily, in the same tone. "A temptation like that would be perfectly irresistible to an admirer of beauty like me."

"Edwin *is* handsome," said Arlington, looking thoughtfully at me.

My cheeks burned like fire. But Emily came again to my aid.

"When we have all done admiring his beauty, let us adjourn to the parlor and have some music," she said, quietly.

There was a general move, in which she secured my arm and whispered—

"It is just as I feared. Oh, why need you be so silly, Ada? But it is too late for nonsense now; you *must* control your feelings, or papa will find out all about it, and then we shall have a terrible scene."

I knew that, as well as she. And for *his* sake I struggled to be composed, and even sat down and played and sang at Aylmer's request.

I saw, as well as any of them, the tall, dark figure that entered soon after us, and stood listening to the music, but I did not look towards him once. While we sat there in the gathering twilight, singing and talking, my father entered, from his ride to town, in his usual bustling way.

"Good evening, good folks," he exclaimed. "What in the world are you turning yourself into owls for, and sitting here in the dark? Emily, my dear, will you ring for lights? Ah, Colonel—how are you this evening? Where is Ada—and where are you, Mr. Arlington? I have some papers here you may like to sign. There's no one here but friends, and no necessity for formality. Only a dash of the pen and all is settled—eh, Aylmer! Emily, have you rung for lights?"

I knew they were the marriage settlements, of which he spoke, and I laid my head down upon my hands and longed to die. Emily passed me, on her way to the bell.

"Don't be a fool," she whispered. "I don't know what father *would* say if he knew all this."

I sat up, calm and pale, and the lights were brought. My father, full of good nature and business, called us all around the table while he read the papers. I did not hear one word—I only knew that Colonel Arlington was standing opposite me, and that Emily was between me and my father, to hide my agitation from him.

"Very fair—very liberal, indeed," commented my stepmother, when my father finished reading. "My dear Aylmer, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, and I only hope you may be as happy as you deserve."

"Of course he will—he must be," exclaimed my father, rubbing his hands joyously together. "Now we want the signatures, and all will go well. Here, Aylmer, my boy."

Mr. Arlington stepped forward, wrote his name, and looked around for me.

"Come, Ada—don't blush and hang back," exclaimed my father. "Good Heavens! one would think a marriage settlement was something to be ashamed of by the way she hesitates, my dear Colonel," he added testily.

The colonel did not answer. Emily put her arm around me, led me forward to the table, and placed the pen in my hand.

"Write! Write!" she whispered.

I looked up at Colonel Arlington. He stood just opposite me, with folded arms, and half-averted face, cold, and pale as marble. But as I gazed, although he would not look at me, I saw the great drops of perspiration standing on his forehead, and the strained force of the arms that seemed to hold his heart in iron chains. The pen fell from my hand, making a great blot upon the paper.

"What ails you, Ada?" said my father, impatiently.

"I cannot sign it," I answered boldly. "Mr. Arlington, you must forgive me, but I cannot be your wife. I do not love you."

There was a dead silence in the room, and Colonel Arlington came around the table and stood nearer to me.

"Ada—what does this mean!" said my father, sternly. "Whom do you love, if not Mr. Arlington?"

I looked up. Colonel Arlington opened his arms, and with a passionate cry, I sprang forward, and was clasped to his breast.

"My brother!"

Mr. Arlington stepped back with paling lips. But the colonel's voice stopped him.

"Aylmer, from the first moment I met her, I loved her. I have concealed it from you all. To-day, I saw her thrown from her horse, and when she lay like one dead, in my arms, I forgot all, and she learned my secret. But I was going—nay, I am going to-morrow. Forgive us both. We will never meet again."

I left his arms then, and went up to Aylmer.

"Yes—forgive us—and though I cannot marry you, I will never marry him."

I had not misjudged him. He was calm and cold, but he was also just and noble. He gave one hand to me and the other to his brother, as I finished speaking.

"Do you think I will accept such a sacrifice?" he said kindly. "I have nothing to forgive. You love him and he loves you—go to him, and God grant that he make you happy, as I would have tried to do."

I wept then. He kissed my forehead, placed my hand in that of Edwin, and left the room, followed by my father, my mother, and Emily.

Ten years have passed since that day. Emily, left alone by the sudden death of her husband, is now the wife of Aylmer Arlington. She is far better suited to him than ever I should have been; and in their pleasant country home, close beside ours, she seems to have forgotten the empty vanities and follies of her city life. She loves her husband, and is the pride and delight of his eyes. And I—words can never tell what deep and quiet happiness I have tasted in my beautiful home, since "Edwin Arlington" became "Ada Leicester's Husband."

◆

CONTROL YOUR PASSIONS.—Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the color of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

◆

FRIENDS.—Friends, like wine, require to be kept before use.

SUPERIORITY OF SACRED POETRY.

All kinds of poesy are amiable; but Sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel. But sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple; they encircle us with everything that is holy and divine; they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays, an awe and reverence that exalts while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow-worshippers:

> "O let me glory, glory in my choice!
> Whom should I sing, but Him who gave me voice!
> This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,
> When arts, arms, kings and kingdoms melt away.
> And can it, powers immortal, can it be,
> That this high province was reserved for me?
> Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,
> In wide eternity I dare be lost.
> I dare launch out, and show the muses more
> Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.
> In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
> To teach the swain, or celebrate the king;
> I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd—
> I lift my voice, and sing to humankind;
> I sing to men and angels; angels join
> (While such the theme) their sacred hymns with mine."

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other: When it has placed us in that imaginary temple, (of which we just now spoke,) the mighty genius of the place seemingly covers us with an invisible hand, and secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why, then, should not every heart that is addicted to the muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, "I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praise thy name for ever, and ever."

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other, is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern; for this reason, it is a rule in epic poetry that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles, and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

> "From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
> And the long glories of majestic Rome."

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which "This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away?"

All other poesy must be dropped at the gate of death; this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not, strictly speaking, an entire alteration, from the converse of cherubim and seraphim. It shall not be forgotten when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if we may so express ourselves) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of Heaven.

How then can any other poesy come in competition with it?

> "Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
> Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
> Is far beneath my daring! I look down
> On all the splendors of the noblest crown;
> This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
> Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;
> Oh all ye spirits, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
> Of every various order, place, and kind,
> Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays:
> 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise."

◆

JOY.

Joy! joy! thou lightener of toil, thou cheerer and strengthener of humanity! who is not thankful for thy visits? The fewer and more brief they are, the dearer and the sweeter. When the first sound of thy wings is heard, cleaving the sky; or when thy footsteps are heard upon the earth, how the heart goes out to meet thee—how the eye brightens; how the cheek glows; how the heart swells. And he who has dragged onward wearily his way-worn limbs, now finds new springs in his frame; and when thy hand touches him, or thy smile beams on him, he makes *day's journeys* in *hours*.

Oh, God be thanked for joy! Remember, soul, when thou art joyful, think on God. *He* gives thee joy; thank Him with cheerful songs.

O, mystic influence! O, subtile principle of joy! would we could hold thee! But thou wilt not bear a chain. Thou lightest on our hearts as humming-birds on flowers, and then art gone—we know not whither. But long do we go onward bravely, up-borne by the encouragement of thy visit. What before thou camest seemed too hard to bear, *now* we bear with little groaning; what before seemed very sad and dreary, now is only somewhat dull; what before was as a task designed to crush us, we now attack without a thought of failure. All, all is changed! The earth and sky look like a new earth and a new sky; and we go from morn till night rejoicing. Oh, Joy, beautiful joy: sweet visitant of earth; hereafter we shall know more of thee; for we hope that we are on the way to thy pure dwelling. Touch our hearts *often*, blessed spirit, that we may not look upon thee as a stranger when we enter heaven. A. M.

◆

COMPETITION THE LIFE OF PLAY.

It has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest.

◆

MAN THE SLAVE OF PREJUDICE AND CUSTOM.—Man, though as a rational being he has thought fit to style himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

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THE RED MAN.

On a time, in one of his speeches, "Sam Houston" asserted, that from the landing of the Pilgrims, the American people had "gone on cheating the Indians out of their land;" and that "the Mexicans being no better than Indians, he saw no reason why we should not pursue the same course with them." This was a broad and foul libel to have been uttered in so few words. Earnestly as we desire the extension and glory of this Republic, its freedom, institutions, arts, enterprise, and intellectual and social spirit, we can never advocate such extension by means of national violence or fraud. As yet, the United States stands unsullied among the nations—a spectacle of greatness based upon the union of a people sympathizing in the enjoyment of whatever promotes the greatest good of the greatest number, and guided by those immutable principles of justice and integrity, which, while they ennoble man and exalt society, are the surest foundations of national success.

Divine providence in other centuries led our Pilgrim sires to seek refuge from oppression in the solitude and bleak wilderness of a New World. Fired by no thirst for glittering plunder, they landed on the continent of North America, trusting to a Supreme Guardian for shelter and abode. They found an inhospitable soil, and a strange, savage race to oppose them, but they were men of resolution and endurance, prayerful and hopeful men, and making signs of peace to the savages of the forest, they were permitted to erect their rude cabins—the first that proclaimed the settlement of the Saxon west of the Atlantic. Slowly, but steadily, the Pilgrim seed took root, and produced harvests; and the rude cabins became cottages, scattered far and wide, as the wilderness receded before the conquering axe of the Northman.

But those Pilgrim sires were not robbers. They were neither Danes nor Normans, trusting only to broadswords, and hoping only for golden spoils. They gave to the savage satisfaction for his hunting grounds, and smoked with him the calumet of peace. Let their history, and the history of Penn and Roger Williams, answer if our fathers—God bless their memory! and keep it ever fresh with the dews of our grateful hearts—went on from the beginning "cheating the Indians out of their lands." Never was there a greater lie spoken of the American race. From the beginning the Pilgrims pursued the path of honor and justice. Their law was conciliation and love. Conflicts at times arose between them and the natives of the soil, but most of those conflicts were excited by the cupidity, and the jealous, suspicious spirit of the Indians themselves—or by enemies instigating from without. But mark! When the great struggle came which took from Britain her fairest colonies, and gave the world a glorious Republic, the red hand of the savage was joined with the white hand of the Pilgrim, to hurl back the lion that had insulted and trampled on the Saxon in the New World.

The American is not so fiercely athirst for land as the language of "Sam Houston" would imply. The American loves his country and his home, and is ever ready to lay down his life in their defense; but it is not *land*, so much as it is our *institutions*—that surrounds his country and home-hearth with beauty and halo. Do the exiles and oppressed fly to our shores by millions, simply for land? No! There is land every where over the Earth—land in Australia, India, the valleys of the Andes, and the wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains. There is fertile land, golden land, lands of spices, fruits, and flowers, elsewhere than here; yet the exiled and oppressed seek asylum with the sons of the Pilgrims. Climate and soil draw them not; they come to share our freedom, our institutions, and our spirit. The American seeks no land over which his liberty, enterprise and prosperity cannot be spread for the exaltation of the human race. The spread of that liberty and enterprise, is the desire of every American, whenever they come in contact with inferior conditions of human existence, until they shall absorb the dominion of the world. But whether the bounds of the Republic expand by the natural law of growth and immigration, or by conquests forced upon it, let us forever repudiate the slander that it has been founded on fraud, or that the American people can ever advocate such a principle of national action.

"HE THAT RULETH HIS OWN SPIRIT," &c.

Obedience to the law—subordination of ones wishes and passions to the behests of society, is the very kernel and essence of civilization; and he, who, on any pretext, or for any purpose, "takes the law into his own hands," deals a blow at the very heart of all that the human race have accomplished during these long and toilsome six thousand years. The crowning glory of civilization and of Christianity is—the subduing of the savage that dwells in the heart, and rules the conduct of every uncivilized and unregenerate man. "He that *ruleth his own spirit* is greater than he that taketh a city," is one of the wisest of the wise sayings of the wisest man. Yea, to "rule one's own spirit,"—to keep down the savage in his breast—to bow in obedience to the law which he believes oppresses him, and patiently await its peaceful and legal renovation—to do unto others as he would have them do unto him—to forgive others their offences and maddening insults as he prays to be forgiven on High—this is to be a Man; and to be anything less is not only to be unmanly, but, in the strongest and deepest sense, to be a fool.

We have been moved to these remarks by the many accounts we have lately read of people's "avenging their wrongs;"—disappointed lovers shooting their sweethearts; sweethearts poisoning their rivals and their faithless swains; man stabbing his fellow-man; sons, even, with parricidal arm slaying the authors of their being, and father's imbruing their hands in their own offsprings' blood. To the commission of such awful crimes is every one liable to come *who permits himself deliberately to break any human or divine law.* Remember this, Reader of the Ledger, and see that *you*, at least, act, under all circumstances, like a civilized and Christian human being, and as you value your temporal and eternal welfare, never "take the law into your own hands." Rise above such savageism, and remember that "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

PATRIARCHISM.

We would not, if we could, have the peoples of this age, in any country where "civil government," in any degree worthy of the phrase, has a foothold, go back to Patriarchism, as it prevailed in the days of Noah, Abraham, Jacob, &c. It was the simplest, as it was, doubtless, the best form of control attainable in their age. But it would not suit ours.

And yet Patriarchism had its advantages. These, in the progress of governmental reform, were treated as things of the past are apt to be—thrown utterly away. They ought to have been preserved as elements of public safety. The Patriarch, as the oldest member of his tribe, was supposed to know best their wants, and how to supply them. Thus, in our day, also, the oldest person in the community, within the limit compatible with bodily and mental vigor, *ought* to be the wisest and the best, and, therefore, the most suited, as a general rule, to govern or give counsel in matters of civil concern—else our so boasted equalization of educational advantages has no meaning. But *are* they so? If they are, they certainly are not so regarded in public spheres. Nay, they are regarded quite otherwise in private ones. Even as heads of our families, are they not set aside as of no account whatever?

Alas! for the good of society, the answer, as the general rule, will have to be given in the affirmative. Our old men are made to stand aside, even in counsel, though the Apostle said, "old men for counsel," by crowds of mere striplings making a very "rush" into all the places of trust! What the consequences are, in State, as well as National government, to say nothing of such local affairs as come nearer home to individual interests, in counties, townships, and villages, all may see with regret!

We think we are fully warranted in concluding that a gentle re-infusion of the *principle* of Patriarchism into the affairs of our "fast" age, would do society no injury.

FLATTERY

There is no friendship in flattery. To the contrary, the disposition to bestow it is a proof of enmity towards the subject of it, rather than of love. This the history of kings and princes has plainly demonstrated. Their flatterers have been ever most ready to conspire against and destroy their authority. True friendship, whether in private or public affairs, will induce those entertaining it to tell one of his faults, rather than to blind him to them with flattery. And this is in obedience to the proverbial declaration, "sweet is the reproof of a friend."

But of all flattery, that is most despicable which selects females as its subjects. The worth of true womankind cannot be over estimated; but it is no compliment to the sex, to be eternally flattering women, either individually or collectively—to prate simperingly of her loveliness, her beauty, &c., as not a few semblances of manhood are wont to do!

The truest compliment to a woman is conveyed by showing that you appreciate the good sense of her conversation, or her writings, or her acts and deeds, at their true value, as those of your fellow being; not as either a superior, entitled to adoration, or an inferior, calling for patronage or pity, but as an equal, challenging simple justice. Any other course is disgusting, as well as insolent. It should be so regarded by the other sex. And it *is* so regarded by all women who "know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them"—not with mere pratings, but with deeds of usefulness and goodness, within the sphere to which the finger of circumstances has pointed as that of their duty.

"HARVEST HOME."

Over all the land, the harvest tocsin is sounding. The grass is mown, and in bays and moughs the fragrant hay reposes. The cradles sing among the wheat and rye, and the scythe is busy with the frolicsome oat. The great August "harvest moon" looks on myriad fields that have made the heart of the husbandman glad. For the harvest is bravely bountiful. The corn waves its tassels and silk, and yellows for the gleaming knife. What countless cribs will groan with its fruitage—millions upon millions of bushels from those grand fields of the West. And the orchards and vineyards are mellowing. Oh, a proud and lordly man is the harvest gatherer. And not alone does he harvest. The squirrel and the bee are his compeers. One chatters merrily in the wood as he stores away his winter nuts, and the other sings from flower to flower as he gleans the sweets of nature for his cells. It is a busy season out there, among the fields and forests. "Harvest Home" is the song of ceaseless industry; for when the harvest is home and housed, the labor of the year is crowned. Oh, that we all, in whatever good field, might harvest as faithfully as the farmer, the squirrel and the bee. Then would the labor of our years be always crowned, and come when he would, we should be ready for that

"Harvester brave and bold,
Who harvests in many lands,
And all whose help in the harvest time
Is the help of his skeleton hands."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAMMA, AM I PRETTY?

"Mamma, am I pretty?"

"No, my dear; but beauty is of no consequence."

Now what an unmitigated fib! and every day of that child's life she will be finding it out. Why not tell her the truth—that beauty *is* of consequence, as is everything that God has made. Why not tell her that the eye is irresistibly fascinated by it; that a handsome child is always more noticed by a stranger than a plain one; just as when one walks in a garden, a beautiful flower invites admiration above its fellows; but like that, if upon examination it be found scentless; if it pierces with sharpness the hand that would caress it—the gazer plucks it but to throw it aside, or passes it for one less pretentious, whose sweetness will endure long after its pale hues shall have faded away.

Tell her—what children should always be told—*the truth*; tell her that bright eyes, beautiful hair, satin skins, and dimpled limbs, are indeed very lovely to look upon; and it is just as right to admire them as it is to admire the floating beauty of the changeful clouds, the stately majesty of the trees, the sweet blush of the rose. It is right for people to wish to be pleasing, and it is not only right, *but a duty*, for everybody to look as beautiful as they can. Tell your child all this; but tell her that for the higher order of beauty, something beside the body must be decorated.

Tell her that the soul must be washed of bad passions—the cobwebs of envy brushed away—the dust of selfishness wiped off, and its chambers aired of the foul atmosphere of uncharitableness. That its windows must be thrown open wide, that the Heavenly Dove may enter, and sing a perpetual song, that shall make the eyes shine with a light borrowed only of Heaven; that shall make the drooping form expand, and stand erect in the consciousness of its spiritual majesty—serene, unabashed in the greatest, most beautiful, earthly presence,—lifting the brow upon which *immortality* is so legibly written, beautiful in its fearlessness, to that Heaven, whose brightest seraph sings, as if it had never dropped the chrysalis which earth is crumbling, atom by atom, to dust.

Oh, tell your child this—tell her how resplendent the soul can make the body. How, like a light within a crystal vase, it makes fair what else were dark and dim to human sight. Tell her how before its radiance men bow down, hushing the hot breath of worldliness, as before God's own calm presence. Tell her to tread the earth with the triumphant step of one who is heir to all Heaven—second to none!

Oh, I have seen such! Lofty—yet lowly. No earthly artist could trace their beauty, or sculptor mould their symmetry. To hear the rustle of their garments was to feel the sweep of an angel's wing. To look upon them was to pray. It was to bathe the blushing face with repentant tears, and cry—unclean—unclean!

Fanny Fern.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

If I have seen the last sweet light
Of this good world, if I
Have touched the hour whose end is in
The great eternity;

Help me to gather up my sins,
Dear Lord, that thou may'st see
My awful need, and in thy love
Have mercy upon me.

Alice Cary.

SMILES.

An anecdote is told of William Hutton, the great mathematician, which aptly illustrates the beatific influence of smiles. A poor, dejected woman called on him one day, and told him she desired his counsel in domestic difficulties. She had a husband who was in the habit of absenting himself almost constantly from his home, and seeking the society of evil companions; that she had tried every means that she could think of as likely to give any chance of his reclamation; and, hearing of him as a wise, as well as a kind man, she had called, in the hope that he could suggest a remedy.

"My remedy," said the philosopher, "is so simple, that I fear you will not have faith enough, to persevere in its use sufficiently long for a cure!"

Upon the poor woman assuring him that she would comply with his recommendations to the letter, Hutton said, "the remedy is simply *smiles*. When your husband does come home to you, always meet him with a *smile*, whether you feel like wearing it or not; and *keep smiling* all the while during his stay."

The woman thanked him with a courtesy, and departed. Several months after she called again, bringing a trifling present of some kind, as a token of her gratitude. This she begged him to accept, informing him, with a smile, that his prescription had proved completely successful! Her countenance gave evidence, as she spoke, that now it was a *habit* with her to smile.

This anecdote but confirms the experience of all observers—and wonderful, indeed, is the influence, in all conditions of life, of what Milton describes as the "*sweet intercourse of looks and smiles.*"

A GOOD MAN.

It is something to be a great man; to bear a name the renown of which fills the world; to be a king, a statesman, or a hero, in whose praise history is vocal. How many have gone mad with ambition to rival the great; to share fame with them, though it were won on fields of blood and by deeds of wrong. It is something, also, to be a rich man; indeed, in our time the rich man is the man of mark and power. He can buy office, and titles, and principalities, even. To him are much talent and genius adulatory; to him "the blood of all the Howards" softens; emperors wait upon his purse, and wars quicken or cease at his will. But it is a nobler thing to be a good man; a kind, true and just man; faithful to his conscience, and honest ever; without tarnish and reproach. This good man is both great and rich—and yet of those poor of whom it is said, "they are blessed." A good man! what more can one desire for himself or of his fellow-man? Goodness—this is indestructible; neither time nor circumstance can snatch it away. Common riches may perish; the image of common greatness may pass under a cloud, and be lost, but goodness remains, here and hereafter. The good man has no enemy and knows no fear; he, can defy the demons of the world, and make them flee away. While kings find downiest pillows hard, and the great are confounded by their own passions and tumults, the good man, without scrip or purse, can sing with a light free heart, and by the roadside

"Lay his head upon a stone and sleep secure."

Trials.—It is when we most suffer, that we least doubt the existence of that Power which can afflict or heal.

MORAL COURAGE.

A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command, high sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the bugle's note, as with more than magic sound it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front, planted there to stand amid victory or defeat. Oh, how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting bravely, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle-field compared with the moral courage of every day life? Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of an hundred battle-fields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things? Why the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a *man* to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—*to do*, when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security, and life are threatened to be swept away.

Yet who, looking back on the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold; how fares it with them? Cherished as Earth's noblest sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for it—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thoughts and love. And yet, what did they? *Like men, they spoke the truth that was in them.* This was their courage. If they had been silent, if, trembling before tyrants and mobs, they had feared to say what they felt and what they knew, they would have lived and died as other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before everything else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing. Give us moral courage first and last! For it nerves a man for duty, it roots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passions, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.

THE "DARK AGES."

We are apt to flatter ourselves that the present, is the greatest age. In physical progress, it so seems to be, but we must not forget that our record is fresh to our hands and eyes, while the history of the past is, at best, but partial and obscure—also, that we know not what achievements in the arts and institutions which test the intelligence and morality of ages, are lost or forgotten. Certainly in the fine arts, architecture, and knowledge of mechanical powers, (save steam,) we are still laggard students and imitators of the past, Of those Middle Ages, called the "Dark," from the sixth to the fifteenth century, in their true history, but little is known to the mass of readers, and none too much to the majority of students of history. They appear to us through a mist of exciting and perplexing romance, in which their principal features are feudalism, ignorance and superstition—the splendor of the few and the abjectness of the many—Church and State blended like two dark, forbidding monsters, hateful and tyrannous in all their aspects.

This view, so uncomplimentary to those frequently marked and really gorgeous ages, is largely false. Without the wide-spread intelligence and enterprise marking modern times, the "Middle Ages," judged by traces time has spared to us of medœval literature, science and art, will be found the originators of much of the substantial knowledge in our possession. The Monks, who were during those ages the teachers, and guardians in a great measure, of the people of Europe, were not all the gross, ignorant, indolent, oppressive characters popularly represented. They must have been keen and active to have impressed their ideas, as they did, upon courts, camps, and the masses of men. The splendid architecture created under the guidance of their genius, the magnificent charities founded under their surveillance, and the libraries that still grace the Abbeys and the Monasteries of Europe, from whence much of our learning has been drawn, disprove the sweeping conclusions of partial history. Instead, then, of decrying past ages, let us strive to make our own really worthy of crowning the long line that loom backword to the cradle-place of man

LAZINESS.

Young man! As you stand loafing on that corner, or "lounging" at that tavern or store, if you think the first expression unjust to *you*, do you imagine that you can *continue* to pursue your present course of life with impunity?

You are, doubtless, seeking happiness. That is understood to be the aim of all, however different the paths in which they seek it. Do you really think you will find it in the path of idleness?—if it, the expression, "path of idleness," does not involve what logicians call a solecism. Perhaps you may—that is, the evanescent emotions of the hour which you call "happiness." But is this the sort of happiness which God intended for man, with all his capacities of muscle and mind—man, who is declared to have been created on a scale only "a little lower than the angels?" Hale and hearty, and well-appearing too, externally, with the aid of a tailor whose bills you have never thought of paying; are *you*, indeed, satisfied with such happiness as this, young man?

No—no—you surely will not look us in the eye, like a frank and honest youth, and tell us that you are happy. But, if you should tell us so, we would not believe you! There is no happiness, in the true sense of the word, in a life of laziness. Nor will there be physical health, long—to say nothing of mental health—which is ever dependent on the corporeal structure.

Happiness always pre-supposes contentment. Contentment, to push the analysis back, pre-supposes *a due balance of the whole man.* This, we tell you, is impossible to that habit of inaction which we call "laziness."

Do you see the truth, young man? If you do, there will be no need of shaming you out of your disgraceful propensity. You will go to work at once, and thank Heaven, as we have reason to believe others have done, for the good advice which the Ledger has given you—thus bidding good-bye to the very *thought* of "laziness;" of which, in addition to the consequences above-named, Franklin has warned you, that it travels so slow that *poverty* soon overtakes it.

A hundred cheers to aid your determination.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

To be intolerant is being irreligious for the sake of religion, impious for the sake of piety, hating one's fellow creatures out of a pretended love of their Creator. Intolerance has more lives than a cat; you cannot even starve it to death. Deprive its right hand of its cunning by taking away the sword wherewith it smote infidels; its nostrils of the soul-rejoicing odor of roasting heretics; its ears of the delightful music of the groans of imprisoned or tormented unbelievers; it will still subsist and fatten upon the gall and venom of its own heart.

A man's impressions are often involuntarily betrayed by his almost unconscious exclamations upon his encountering something strange and unexpected. Running against a surprise is much like running against a post—it forces the breath out of your mouth before you have time to consider how you shall modulate it.

Two weeks ago a vagabond was convicted in Illinois of stealing two watches. He made a pathetic speech after his conviction, ascribing his failure in business and all his misfortunes in life, to "procrastination." He seems to have been the embodiment of procrastination, which, the poet tells us, is "the thief of *time*."

The Scriptures say, "let not thy right hand know what thy left hand giveth." Many a person, in apparent fear of violating the injunction, won't let his right hand give anything, lest the left might happen to discover the secret.

Jealous persons torment themselves for fear of being tormented by others. Rochefoucald asks why jealousy, which is born of love, does not die with it. Perhaps he would have found an answer to his question if he had reflected that self-love never dies.

One of the newspapers inquires with much seeming innocence, if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages. Somebody answers that it probably depends on the kind of ages selected—those from eighteen to twenty-five being rather hazardous.

We find the violent partisan editors continually talking about burying their opponents. One would think from the industry with which they throw dirt in all directions, that they were trying desperately to bury everybody around them.

"You forget yourself," said a lady of our acquaintance to a rather impertinent gentleman. "Ah, well," added she, after a pause of a few moments, "I suppose you are excusable for forgetting what is not worth remembering."

We think we know a fellow who is such an inveterate and notorious falsifier, that, if he were indicted for crime, and should plead "guilty," the court, disbelieving the rascal's word, would be certain to discharge him as *not* guilty.

A New England writer, of a speculative turn of mind, says that "a man cannot be active and quiescent at the same time." Facts prove incontestibly, however, that some chaps, while bustling about terribly, can *lie still*.

There are two classes of persons of whom it may be truly said that their word is as good as their bond—those whose word is never broken, and those whose bond is good for nothing.

"Keep your best foot foremost," says the adage. But, if there is any difference between a man's feet, and he keeps the best foremost all the time, he must either stand still forever, or move very awkwardly.

The captain of a Western band of regulators boasts that he has "fifty picked men" under his command. If they are not very careful, they may get tarred and feathered, and then they will need picking again.

Almost every man who starts a political paper promises in his prospectus that it shall be "moderate." Few of the papers, started under such promises, are moderate in their tone, but very many of them are in their ability.

A writer in a Virginia paper devotes three columns to describing the great Blue Ridge tunnel. We hardly know which is the greater bore—the tunnel or the description of it.

It is said that a woman may laugh too much, as only a comb can always afford to show its teeth; and that women will never be punctual, as they scorn "the charms that hang to a watch-chain."

A writer in Graham says that "the Bloomer costume is next to no dress at all." Undoubtedly all sorts of dresses are the next thing to stark nakedness.

Bitter partisans all the while threaten to "*make examples*" of each other. They are, perhaps, the last sort of people that society should permit to become examples.

A scurrillous Tennessee editor wants to know if we will take up his glove. Oh, certainly. Give us a pair of tongs.

The editor of a paper now before us says that he meets a certain statement squarely. Men sometimes meet true statements squarely by lying roundly.

A wag says that everywhere the old adage has been realized by the fashionable young ladies—that a Miss is now-a-days, in circumference at least, as good as a mile.

It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

Voltaire says that "faith is always blind." We have certainly heard of "the eye of faith," but perhaps it has no *pupil* now-a-days.

It seems as natural to many a being to call others fools and asses as it is to be both himself.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A stout, healthy man, a few days since, secreted himself behind a cask of gin lying upon a pier on the North River, and sucked as much of the liquor through a straw as he could swallow. He then crawled away, stretched himself in the sun, near the edge of the pier, went to sleep, rolled off into the dock, and was drowned, though several people threw him ropes and did what they could to save him.

The editor of the Lafayette (Tenn.) Signal says he saw a large hog attack, kill, and eat a rattlesnake a short time since. The snake seemed to know that the swine was too much for him, and tried to escape; but the latter soon overtook, trampled upon, and tore in two the reptile, and then devoured all the carcase, save the head, at his leisure.

It is stated in an Indiana paper, that a constable, who had levied on a fine Durham bull, (formerly owned by a Governor of that State,) to satisfy an execution, while driving the animal away from its owner's farm, was attacked by it, tossed in the air, gored in a most shocking manner, and then left in a ditch by the roadside, where he died.

A family named Ball, comprising six persons, whose dwelling was situated in a cleared space in a Texas canebrake, were all burned to death, a short time since, by the brake's taking fire. The flames at once swept round the doomed family, and enclosed them with a fiery wall, through which there was no escape.

A few days since, a little boy, three and a half years old, named Robert Best, whose parents reside in Greenwich-street, overturned a pot of boiling water upon himself, and was scalded so terribly, that he soon died in the most heart-rending agony. Will some mothers never learn to be cautious in regard to such matters?

A body of Lipan Indians recently attacked a party of emigrants, in Northwestern Texas, and killed one man and two women. A little boy that strayed off from the camp, was also killed by the savages; one of whom, raising the little corpse on his spear, held it aloft and gallopped back and forth, out of rifle shot, before the tortured parents.

A young lady named Giles, in stepping from a New Haven passenger car, while in motion, at the station in Twenty-seventh street, a few days ago, stumbled and fell, with her hand across the track, over which two wheels of the car passed, and crushed it to a shapeless mass.

A boy about eight years old, while trying to steal molasses, on the pier at the foot of Market-street, from a hogshead from which he had extracted the bung, stumbled and fell into the water, and, before he could be rescued by the policeman who had been watching him, was drowned.

It is stated that the famous baby which was borrowed for Mrs. Cunningham, has received several hundred dollars' worth of presents, in the shape of jewelry, costly dresses, and other baby gear. What fools an American community *can* make of themselves!

Two young women got to quarreling in Broadway, a few evenings ago, when one drew a knife and cut off the end of the nose and a slice of the cheek of her adversary.

By a recent unofficial census, the present population of New York is estimated at seven hundred and sixty-five thousand.

It is confidently asserted throughout the country, that the crops this year will be at least half as great again as any previous season has furnished.

FADE AND FLOAT AWAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Fade, fade and float away,
 Clouds of the rosy west,—
Go with the sun that is going down,
 And leave my soul at rest!

O, herd boy driving home
 Your cows through th' mists so grey,
Keep the dewy tops of the hills between
 Your droves and me, I pray.

For they only urge the waves,
 That now no more should flow,
To break on a heart as cold as stone,
 And scatter themselves in snow.

Thou has brought the day, oh Time,
 Of which my youth was warned,
And I pray thee give me grace to wea
 My white hair unadorned.

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THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SOLITARY MAIDEN.

"What shall I do with all the days and hours
 That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that low'rs
 Between this time and that sweet time of grace?"
MRS. KEMBLE.

Etoile, left alone with her servants upon the Island, found the time pass less heavily than she had dared to anticipate.

The winter was less severe than usual. The atmosphere was elastic and bracing, and the Island maiden was enabled to pass a part of every day in the open air.

Her plan of self-improvement was conscientiously carried out. The earlier hours of every day were devoted to a course of reading. Finding herself wearied at about twelve o'clock, she would put on a warm hood and sack, buckle on her skates, and have an hour's fine skating on the frozen bosom of her own crystal creek. The first hours of the afternoon she employed in practising music, painting or embroidery. Growing tired of sitting, at about four o'clock she would order her pony to the door, and spring into her saddle for an hour's gallop around her circular race-course. Or if the weather confined her within doors, so that she could neither skate at noon nor ride at sunset, she substituted for both those recreations a visit to her sheltered birds and flowers, that always afforded her ample entertainment. The long winter evenings were employed in needle-work, or in light reading. And upon some occasions, she would permit her two aged domestics to pass the evening in her parlor, where she would entertain them by reading aloud some interesting book, or else, while busily plying her needle, she would listen to some wild and wonderful legend of ghost, wizard or demon, related by one or the other of the old people.

Then she had the weekly excitement of receiving or answering letters from her guardian, and the permanent interest of anticipating his return.

Thus her daily employments helped off the week, and the weekly mail-day served to mark off the months, and hurry forward the period for Mr. Luxmore's return and her own liberation.

Her own liberation! That, at last, was the great object of Etoile's aspiration!

So the winter wore away, and spring was at hand.

About this time, having read all her books, learned all her music, copied all her pictures, and worked embroideries from all her patterns, and having no material of any sort to labor upon, Etoile bethought herself of painting her own miniature, as a present to her guardian. So one morning she conveyed her drawing materials to her bed-room, arranged them upon her toilet table, and seated herself before the mirror, to commence operations. In three days, the miniature was completed to her satisfaction. And an exquisite face it was—a golden-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked blonde, beautiful as an angel. Etoile was charmed with her success, having completed the picture, she could not leave it, but continued to play with the subject, by changing the color of the drapery, first, from white to rose-color, next to lilac, then to blue, then to black, and finally, after sponging out the black, restoring it to its original snow.

Then, feeling at a loss what to do next, she resolved to paint a miniature of herself with black hair, eyes and eye-brows, to see how she would look thus. She took her place at the mirror, and went to work; and as she proceeded, Pygmalion like, she fell in love with her own creation. She worked at it with enthusiasm; but as the picture grew towards perfection, her artistic mind discovered that in contrast with those darkest eyes and blackest ringlets, the blonde complexion was too dazzlingly fair for harmony—that she must put in darker and richer tints in the lights and shadows of that face. The subject possessed for her a strange spell of fascination. Under the force of powerful inspiration, she perfected the picture.

And then, why, as she gazed upon her finished work, did her heart swell with a strange trouble, her lips tremble, and her eyes fill with tears? What was there in that beautiful pale face, with its large, dark, mournful eyes, and falling veil of shadowy ringlets, to attract her with such painful power?

She had unconsciously drawn the likeness of her mother!

She selected from her numerous trinkets a plain gold locket, enclosed the miniature therein, and hung it around her neck, wondering all the while, why she felt so strongly inclined to wear this picture!

She placed her own miniature in a similar locket, and reserved it as a gift for her guardian, whose arrival might now be soon expected. And at length, early in May, old Timon brought from the post office a letter announcing the speedy advent of Mr. Luxmore.

And from the day of the reception of the letter, Etoile prepared all things to welcome with eckat her returning guardian.

And at last he came.

It was high noon, and Etoile, dressed in a white muslin gown and a straw hat, stood upon the front piazza, about to take her daily before-dinner walk, when one of the negroes came running up the avenue towards the house, bringing the intelligence that a vessel had come to anchor about three miles out in the Bay, and that a boat put off from her side was rapidly rowed towards the Island.

Etoile, with a cry of joy, hastened down the avenue towards the landing-place, which she reached just as the long boat containing Mr. Luxmore and all his baggage, rowed by six sailors, was pushed up upon the sands.

Julius Luxmore sprang out and hastened towards Etoile. The beautiful creature looked so attractive as she stood there with her straw hat hanging on her arm, her snowy drapery and golden ringlets floating on the breeze, that Luxmore's first impulse was to catch her to his bosom in a warm embrace. But she arrested him, as with her innocent child-like look of gladness she sprang forward, offering both her hands, and exclaiming—

"Welcome home, my dear guardian!"

He caught her offered hands, pressed them, shook them heartily, and lifted them to his lips, saying—

"Oh, Etoile! my bride! how enchanted I am to be with you again!"

Then leaving a command with the negroes to unlade the boat, and convey the baggage to the house, he drew the arm of his ward within his own, and they walked up the avenue, homewards, both conversing—he with consummate art, she with guileless simplicity. They reached the house, and Mr. Luxmore retired to his chamber, to prepare for dinner, which was soon served.

The afternoon was spent in unpacking boxes, filled with rich presents, which were displayed before the delighted eyes of Etoile.

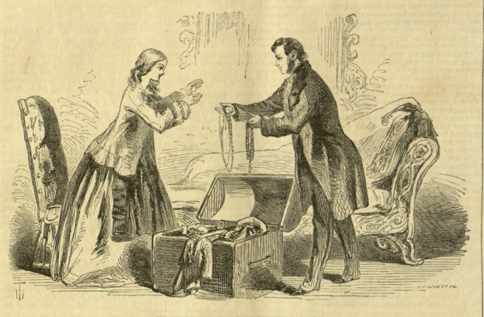
"And these are all for my promised bride," he said.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" exclaimed the maiden, in sincere gratitude, as one beautiful article after another dazzled her sight.

"Oh! how glorious must be the world beyond, whence all these wondrous beauties come," she said, for perhaps the hundredth time.

"Well! come midsummer and your birth-day, which is also to be your wedding-day, and you shall see that 'beautiful world beyond.'"

The artless creature responded by a radiant smile.



THE WEDDING GIFTS FROM PARIS EXHIBITED TO ETOILE.

The costly gifts were then all arranged in her own suit of apartments.

The evening was passed in the moonlit and vine-shaded piazza, where Julius Luxmore related the events of his tour in Italy and his life in Paris—or, at least, so much as was proper for the hearing of Etoile, who listened with deep interest.

"And now at last you are here!" she said. "You have come back with the earliest birds and flowers of spring, even as you promised!"

"And I shall always keep my word to my beauteous bride," he answered, gallantly.

"And you find the Island in its very loveliest looks! The Isle is never so charming as in May, when the grass and the foliage wear their greenest and most delicate hue; when the spring flowers are all in bloom, and the orchard and groves are forests of blossoms; and the birds are singing as they build their nests, or feed their young!"

"Yes! it is all lovely! all charming! but the fairest blooming flower and the sweetest singing bird of all, is my own Etoile! my promised bride."

"And yet to you, who come from the beautiful beyond, this poor Isle can not look so fair as it does to me who never saw anything brighter!"

Luxmore smiled at her hallucination, and said to himself—

"Has *any* one *ever* seen any place brighter?" But while he asked that question only in his heart, he replied to her by his lips saying—

"Come your wedding day, and you shall see that beautiful beyond!"

And again the artless maiden responded by a smile of innocent delight.

So passed the first afternoon of Mr. Luxmore's return. And from that time to two weeks previous to their appointed wedding, Julius Luxmore never left his betrothed.

Five weeks passed away like a dream, and brought July. Etoile knew that she was to be married on the fifteenth. As it was necessary that Mr. Luxmore should visit the mainland to obtain the marriage license, the services of a clergyman and a lawyer, and also the rich trousseau, including the bridal veil and jewels, that had already been ordered for Etoile, and as he wished to reach Baltimore in time to join in the celebration of the great national festival, he informed his betrothed that he should set out from the Isle on the first of the month.

"Three days to go to Baltimore, six to transact business there, and three to return, bringing the attorney, the clergyman, and the bridal regalia for my princess!" exclaimed Mr. Luxmore, after detailing his plan to her.

"So, by the fifteenth of July you will be with me again!" she said.

"Aye! and on the morning of the fifteenth we will be married, and immediately after we shall sail for London, where I shall present you to your English relatives."

"English relatives!" exclaimed the maiden in astonishment—"have I English relatives, then?"

"Yes, my love, did you not know it?" inquired the wily Julius.

"Why, of course not! I did not know I had a relative in the world! You must have been aware that I was ignorant of the existence of any kindred of mine," she said, as a feeling of cold distrust chilled her heart.

"I supposed, my love, that you had heard of your mother's family."

"No! no!" exclaimed the maiden in a voice of deep emotion. "No one would ever tell me of my dear lost mother? I have asked a thousand and a thousand times, but could not learn who she was, or where she lived, or when she died? It is so sorrowful to have never had a mother either living or dead. For though I never saw my mother, if I only knew the place where she sleeps her last sleep, I should sometime go and water the turf with my tears! Mr. Luxmore can you tell me anything about my mother?"—she asked, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes on his face in the earnestness of her entreaty. "Oh, Mr. Luxmore, please can you inform me of anything relating to my dear mother?"

"No, nothing whatever, my sweet love!"

"Of my mother's relations then! Has she sisters or perhaps parents living, who would tell me all about her!—Oh! *do* answer me Mr. Luxmore!"

"My best love you shall go to England, see your relations and know all—after we are married."

"After we are married?—after we are married? *Why must everything be deferred until after we are married?*" inquired Etoile of herself, as the same cold distrust chilled her heart. But the next moment she reproached herself for this incipient suspicion, saying mentally—

"I am unjust and ungenerous! My guardian must know best! My guardian *must* be right." And to atone for her momentary doubt she held out her hand and said submissively—

"As you will, dear Mr. Luxmore. But—after we are married, you will help me to find out all about my dear unknown mother?"

"I will, so help me Heaven, sweet Etoile!" he replied, lifting her hand to his lips.

And the next morning, with a promise, wind and tide favoring, to be back in two weeks, Julius Luxmore took a tender and respectful leave of his affianced bride, went on board a passing schooner, and sailed for Baltimore.

Etoile went to her room and wrote a letter to her nurse Madeleine, in New York, informing her that her foster child was to be married to Mr. Luxmore on the fifteenth instant. This letter was mailed at Heathville.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ESTELLE'S HOME.

"She dwells amid the city.
The great humanity which beats
Its life, along the stony streets,
 Like a strong, unsunned river,
 In a self-made course, is ever
 Rolling on, rolling on."
MRS. BROWNING.

The time was the 15th of July. The place to which I will introduce you was a narrow, two-storied, red brick house, in an humble but decent alley, in one of the most crowded neighborhoods of New York city.

The street door opened immediately into a tiny parlor, furnished in the simplest style.

The walls were covered with paper of a light grey pattern; the floor laid with a grave Kidderminster carpet; and the single front window draped with plain white muslin curtains. Over the mantel-piece hung the portrait of a very handsome man in the early prime of life. Each side the chimney the recesses were furnished with book-shelves, filled with plain looking but standard volumes. On the opposite side of the room sat a horse-hair sofa, while half a dozen reception chairs of the same material sat around the walls. A guitar and a music-stand stood in one corner. A plain mahogany centre table occupied the middle of the floor. Beside this was a large horse-hair lounging-chair.

Reclining in the chair, with her elbow resting on the table, and her head supported by her hand, sat a beautiful woman of perhaps thirty years of age, clothed in deep mourning. By the elegant form and graceful attitude; by the clear cut, classic features, the delicate pallor of the complexion, the slender-arched, jet black eyebrows, the large, languid dark eyes, with their sweeping length of lash, the full and sweetly-curved lips, and the shadowy veil of falling black ringlets, we might have recognized Estelle. Incurable sorrow was still impressed upon her brow, occasional sighs escaped her lips. This look of suffering had become habitual, these frequent sighs were involuntary, unconscious, yet they helped to relieve her oppressed bosom and keep her heart from utterly breaking.

On her lap lay a medical book that she had been studying to enable her better to understand the case of a sick woman whom, in her rounds of charity, she had lately discovered, and whom she attended.

And now the book lay idly open; with her elbow resting on the table, her forehead bowed upon her palm, her dark ringlets falling low around her lovely face, her dark eyes fixed mournfully on the floor, her mind had gone far back into the past, and was lost in reverie.

The street door opened softly, and Susan Copsewood entered the parlor.

So deep was the reverie of Estelle that she was unconscious of the presence of her faithful maid. The lady did not often weep, her grief was too deep and lasting for such ephemeral relief. Yet now tear after tear gathered under her drooping lashes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Susan looked at her mistress, in deep sympathy, but did not immediately address her. Isolation from all persons of her own rank in life, and constant companionship with her mistress, had refined and elevated the character of this faithful girl, until she had become more the friend than the servant of Estelle. And there seemed a fitness in this relation.

At length the lady with a deep sigh wiped away her tears, shook off her depression, and looked up. Her first glance alighted upon Susan.

"Ah, you are come, child?"

"Yes, dear lady," answered the girl, but her looks and tones were so full of the surprise, uneasiness and sympathy, which she refrained in delicacy from otherwise expressing, that her mistress, with a faint smile, answered her mute appeal.

"It is nothing, Susan, at least, nothing new. This, you know, is the birth-day of my little child—my little child on whom I was permitted to gaze but once, before my eyes closed in insensibility, and her's in death—my little child whom I never saw but once in life, but whom I have seen a thousand times in dreams! She would have been fifteen years old to-day, Susan. Ah, if my little child had lived, I should not to-day have been so desolate. Yet it is a strange, sweet thought that I *have been* a mother!"

"Say that you *are* a mother, dear lady—the mother of an angel who is fifteen years old to-day, in Heaven. A mother never, never, never can lose her infant child, unless——"

"Unless?"

"——she looses her own soul, so that she cannot enter the company of those who 'are of the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"True! true!"

"Then grieve no more to-day, dear lady!"

"I will not, Susan. Indeed, I know it is very morbid to do so; and only on this anniversary do I shed a few tears over her memory."

"Well, give that habit up, dear lady; and weep no more to-day, because your child is keeping her birthday in Heaven."

"Because my Etoile is shining among her kindred stars!"

"Your Etoile, dear madame?"

"Yes, Susan; that was her name. It was a girlish fancy of mine, before her birth, in case she should prove a daughter, to call her Etoile, because her family name was L'Orient, and Etoile L'Orient, you know, Susan, by a free translation, means 'Morning Star.' She was my first born, my only one, my morning star—how quickly lost to mortal eyes in the light of the eternal day! Enough of my star, now shining among the celestial constellations! Tell me of my poor patient, Susan; how is she?"

"Madame, she is restless and moaning. She asks for you continually."

"Then I must go to her, immediately."

"Do wait until the cool of the evening, dear lady; it is very hot this afternoon."

"No, I cannot wait, while a sick one is moaning for me. Go up stairs and bring my things."

"Susan went, and soon returned with the black lace bonnet, thick veil, silk scarf, parasol, gloves, which was the lady's out-door dress. Estelle quickly arrayed herself, and attended by Susan, left the house.

A walk of half a mile, through one of the most thronged thoroughfares of New-York, brought them to an ancient street, into which "improvement" had not even peeped. It was built up on either side with houses that had once been tall, stately and aristocratic edifices, but were now old, dilapidated and leaning dwellings, tenanted by the poorest lodgers.

Before one of the most forlorn of these—a dingy, tumbling, three-story house, the lady and her attendant paused.

They entered the dirty door-way, passed up the hall, ascended the stairs, turned to the right, and entered a poor but clean, cool and shady room, where the walls were well whitewashed, the floor well sanded, the two front windows darkened with slat blinds, and the air refreshed with aromatic vinegar.

On a cot near the centre of the room lay the sick woman. A clean, white counterpane lightly covered her form. A stand, with a pitcher of ice water, stood by her side.

The woman was a quadroon of about forty-five years of age, who had evidently once been very handsome, but whose fine face was now worn down by sickness, want and care.

In a word, she was our old acquaintance, Madeleine, whom nine months of city life, inexperience, and ill-luck, had reduced to this pass. Months previous to this, her son, Frivole, had accepted a situation as traveling valet to a young gentleman going to Europe. And after his departure, Madeleine, disgusted with her life as chambermaid in a large hotel, had left her place, taken a room, and commenced business as laundress. Sickness had overtaken her, in the midst of her labors, and reduced her to her present condition. As yet, Estelle knew nothing of her except her name and need. Only a week before, she had been told of this subject of charity, had sought her out, found her in a wretched bed in a filthy attic room, in this same house, abandoned by all, and wasting with want and with a low fever. As her condition would not permit her to be moved to any distance, Estelle found a vacant room on the first floor, front, had it thoroughly scoured and whitewashed, hung those cool, dark green slat blinds to the windows, and put in that cot, with a spring mattress and fresh, snowy draperies. Then she had her patient laid in a bath, washed, dressed in clean clothes, and removed to the apartment.

And for the few days that had elapsed since her improved circumstances, the woman had visibly amended.

The lady now drew forward a chair and seated herself beside her patient, took up a palm leaf fan that lay upon the counterpane, and began to fan the panting sufferer, while she inquired in a gentle voice—

"How do you find yourself, this evening, Madeleine?"

"More comfortable, but very weak, my lady."

"It is the very warm weather that enfeebles you, but we shall soon have a thunder shower that will cool and purify the air, and you will grow better."

"On the contrary, my dear lady, I am sinking slowly but surely."

"You should not despond, Madeleine."

"I do not, my lady. I am sinking easily, easily, as a tired baby dropping asleep on its mother's bosom."

"I am nearly sure that you will recover, and see happier days, Madeleine," replied the lady, hopefully.

"Oh, Madame!" said the quadroon, fixing her glittering eyes upon the face of her benefactress. "When you look and speak so cheerfully, how the likeness does beam out!"

"What likeness, my poor Madeleine?"

"Your likeness to my little nursling, dear lady. I never did see such a strong likeness in all my life, although you are so dark and she was so fair, and though you are always so grave and she was so gay. It is as if the same picture were copied in light upon one plate and in shadow upon another. And then you both have the same inflexion of voice and turn of the eyes, though hers were blue as heaven, and yours are so dark! But I grow impertinent, dear lady! Pray, forgive a poor woman's garrulity. I make too free, I know."

"Oh, not so! You loved your little nursling very much then?"

"Oh, I did!—I did, dear lady!" said Madeleine, covering her face with her hands and beginning to weep.

"Madeleine—I was told that you wished particularly to see me," said Estelle, with the view of distracting her grief.

"Oh, yes Madame, it was for her sweet sake I wished to see you this afternoon. Forgive me, dear lady, for troubling you so much."

"You do not trouble me the least in the world. You console me when you let me see that I can do you good. Now tell me how I can serve you or your little nursling?"

"Dear lady, I wished to pray you to write a letter for me to my darling."

"This afternoon, Madeleine?"

"Yes, Madam."

"But you have too much fever to dictate it Madeleine."

"Ah, dear lady, never mind the fever in my veins if you can make it convenient to write to her to-day."

"All times are convenient to me, my poor Madeleine; but why press the matter this afternoon, when you are so feverish? Why not wait until to-morrow morning, when you will feel more refreshed, Madeleine?"

"Ah! how much you look like her now! But I must write to her to-day, for this, dear lady, is her birthday."

"Her birthday?" replied Estelle, feeling some interest, but not the slightest suspicion of the truth hidden in this coincidence.

"Yes, dear lady, it is her birth-day. And as she has no mother or father to remember it for her, I must do so."

"Poor child, she is an orphan, then?"

"Yes, my lady, or rather worse than orphaned from her birth. But then I always loved her as my own. She was given into my sole care in her second summer and never was separated from me from that time until about nine months ago. This is the first birth-day she ever remembered to have passed away from her Maman, Madeleine."

"And how old is she now?" inquired the lady, taking a kind interest in her patient's conversation.

"My little Etoile is fifteen years old to-day."

"AH!!——"

With this sharp and sudden cry, Estelle sprang forward, her hands clenched together, the blood rushing in torrents to her heart, her whole frame shaken by an inward storm;—and then in an instant, she grew livid and sank back half fainting in her chair. The sudden revelation—the shock, the truth, the joy had overwhelmed—had nearly killed her.

Susan had heard and understood—Susan sprang to her assistance, bathed her face with the ice-water, forced her to swallow some, and held the sponge of aromatic vinegar to her nostrils.

She said to the sick woman, who had raised up in bed and was gazing in surprise at this scene—

"It is a sudden pain to which my mistress is subject. Do not be afraid—it will be over soon."

And, in fact, just then, Estelle lifting herself, put away the offered assistance of her attendant, made a supreme effort, and though still pale as a lily, and tremulous as an aspen, she controlled her voice sufficiently to say in steady tones—

"That will do, Susan. Sit down."

"And when her attendant withdrew from her side, and took a seat at the foot of the cot, Estelle turned to the invalid and quietly observed—

"I fear, my poor Madeleine, that in your weak state my sudden indisposition must have startled your nerves. But you perceive that it is quite over with me now, so pray be composed."

"Dear lady, never mind me. I was only pained to see you suffer."

"'Twas but for a moment; 'tis over now. Come let us talk of something else—your nurseling——"

"Dear lady, do not trouble yourself about the letter now."

"Yes, but I *prefer* to do it," replied Estelle. And then, anxious to hear repeated every particular, so as to have confirmed that intelligence that seemed too joyful to be real, she said—

"You informed me that her name was——"

"Etoile L'Orient, my lady."

"Yes!—and her age?" demanded the mother, breathlessly.

"Fifteen years to-day, Madam."

"Yes! yes!—and you have had her in charge how long?"

"From the day when, at one year old, she was brought from France to L'Orient Island, where I lived with my master, her uncle, Monsieur Henri, —I had charge of her until last November.”

“Where is she now?”

“On L'Orient Isle, where she has, since twelve months old, resided.”

“And her parents?”

“I never saw either of them. Her father, Monsieur Victoire L'Orient, was lost on the Mercury. Her mother, an English lady of rank, lived with her own family I believe.”

“And the young girl, Etoile,—did she know, had she ever been told anything of her parents?”

“Of her father, only that he was lost—of her mother, nothing.”

“‘Of her mother, nothing!’” repeated Estelle, in a tone of anguish.

“Yes! it *was* bad, was it not, lady? But I was forbidden to sadden her young heart by speaking of her lost parents. And yet the innocent little heart was often sad enough, especially for her unknown mother; and she used sometimes to say to me—‘Ah! Madeleine, it is so sorrowful never to have known my mother, either living or dead. I should have loved my mother so much, Madeleine!’ But, my lady, you are weeping!”

“Ah! it is because I sympathize with your orphan nurseling, Madeleine. But go on—I think you said she was beautiful?”

“As fair as a lily, as blooming as a rosebud, and as graceful as a vine. She has heavenly blue eyes, and a halo of golden ringlets around her lovely face.”

“And good? above all, is she good?”

“As an angel, lady!”

“Beautiful and good! thank heaven for that!”

“Lady, you weep, you turn pale and red, and tremble and gasp for breath—what is all this?”

“Susan! Susan! tell her.”

“Must I, lady?” asked the girl, coming up.

“Yes! yes!”

The sick woman raised on her elbow and bent forward eagerly.

Susan took her mistress's hand with the deepest respect, and turning towards Madeleine, said—

“My lady is the mother of Etoile L'Orient, your nurseling.”

“Good Heaven!” exclaimed the quadroon, sinking back upon her pillow.

Then silence fell upon the three for a few minutes.

At length the lady said—

“Madeleine, the letter you spoke of must be written this evening; but first, do you feel quite equal to giving me a short, succinct history of all you know, in regard to my child?”

“Quite equal to it, my lady! And not only that, but so anxious to tell you, that if I did not do it, I should not sleep a wink to night.”

Estelle arose and arranged the pillows more comfortably under the head of her patient; ordered Susan to get some jelly from the basket she brought; fed the sick woman with a few spoonfulls; made her swallow a half glass of lemonade; bathed her face and hands in perfumed ice water; and when she saw her perfectly refreshed, she sat down beside the bed, and said—

“Now, if you feel able, Madeleine, commence.”

And the quadroon, beginning with the arrival of Madame L'Orient with the yearling baby at the Island, related the whole after history of the child, up to the time of the sudden death of Monsieur Henri De L'Ile, the guardianship of Mr. Luxmore over the heiress, and the emancipation and departure of herself—Madeleine and her son Frivole—from the Isle.

“And you have not heard from her since?”

“Oh, yes, my lady! After Mr. Luxmore went to France, I received letters from the sweet creature almost every month. She spoke of having written two letters previous to that, but I had never received them!”

“And what sort of a man is this Mr. Luxmore, who is left the guardian of my child?”

“My lady, he is about thirty-five years of age, handsome, fair, accomplished, and seemingly amiable and upright—but——”

“Well, ‘but’ what?”

“Notwithstanding all that, I have no confidence in Mr. Julius Luxmore!”

“Why?”

“I cannot tell you, indeed, my lady, for I do not know. Yet *he* perceived it, and for that reason banished me.”

“May not your want of confidence have been unjust?”

“Possibly, my lady; yet a circumstance has come to my knowledge, which would seem to justify my instincts.”

“And that circumstance?” inquired Estelle, bending eagerly forward.

“In Mademoiselle Etoile's last letter to me, dated six weeks since, she tells me that she is to be united in marriage to Mr. Julius Luxmore, her guardian, for that such is his will.”

“Oh, Heaven of Heavens! No, no! I shall not so lose my child! She is too young! She is but a babe! She cannot love this man of thirty-five!” exclaimed the lady, half rising in her strong excitement.

“I never said she loved him, Madame. Oh, in all affairs relating to love, courtship and marriage, she is as innocent as an infant.”

“Then he *dare* not coerce her! Isolated and helpless, though she be, he *dare not* coerce her!”

“My lady, he not only dare not, but he *will* not. It is the *fortune*, and not the hand of this child that is the object of his desire, I feel sure; therefore, he will use no force that might afterwards tend to invalidate his claim.”

“Then since she loves him not, and since he dare not compel her, I do not see how a marriage is to be brought about?”

“Ah, my lady! I told you she was as innocent as the babe unborn of all knowledge relating to love and marriage. She does not know that love is necessary both to the good and happiness of marriage. She is ignorant but that matrimony is a mere arrangement of convenience. And she naturally takes her fate from her guardian, who is of course interested in securing her large fortune and her beautiful person to himself. And she, poor lamb, is even anxious that this union should take place, that she may leave the Island and go into the world. She sees the east and west shores of the mainland, only under the strong lights of the rising and setting sun, and so believes that all glory and delight is in what she calls ‘the beautiful world beyond!’ It appears that her guardian has promised to bring her to this imaginary paradise, immediately after their marriage.”

“I see! I see the infamous motive under this! He would give her no freedom of choice, until she is irrevocably his own!”

“That is just what occurred to me, my lady.”

“And when, does she say, that this atrocious marriage is to be attempted?”

“Soon after her guardian's return from France, for he has not yet come, or at least, I have not yet received notice of his arrival. And in fact I have not received a letter from Etoile for nearly two months!”

“I must save my child! I must go to her immediately.”

“Oh yes, dear lady, *do!* But how will you prove to her your identity as her mother?”

“By nature first of all! You did not doubt me! although no blood of mine runs in your veins! Still less will *she* hesitate, who is altogether my own!”

“But for the satisfaction of others, dear lady; though you and Etoile may be perfectly certain of your relationship, how will you prove to others that you are her mother, she your daughter, and so establish your right of authority over her?”

“Thus. By documents no doubt to be found in the Island Mansion, which will prove that Etoile is the child of Victoire L'Orient and his wife, Estelle Morelle. And by Susan here, and a thousand others, if needful, that I myself am that very Estelle Morelle.”

“So far, so good!”

“Now, tell me! how I am to reach this Island; for it is my intention to hire a nurse to take care of you, and to proceed at once in search of my child.”

“Oh, thank you, my lady, you are all goodness; but do not stop to find me a nurse.”

“I must do as I see fit in that respect, Madeleine; that is not the questien now; but how I shall reach the Island.”

“My lady, I cannot tell. For years past no one has arrived at the Island except Mr. Luxmore, and he came in his own schooner.”

“Then tell me at least what is the position of this Island in the Bay?”

“I cannot tell you, exactly; but it is within two or three hours' sail of a point called Brande's Headland.”

“Brande's Headland!”

“Yes, my lady! You know the place?”

“Somewhat.”

“It was always my late master's favorite point of communication with the shore. I believe also that there is always a sail-boat at the place, under the charge of the negroes. And I think perhaps your quickest and surest way of reaching the Isle would be to go to the Headland and hire a boat from there.”

“So I believe. I now know what to do. And now, Madeleine, for the letter that we must write.”

The requisite materials were found in the drawer of the little stand, the top of which, when cleared, served as a writing table.

“Dictate now, Madeleine, as you would have done had my relationship to your nursling never become known to you.”

The quadroon looked surprised at this order; but with her perfect confidence in her patroness she obeyed.

It was just such an affectionate letter of congratulation as any nurse might have written to her beloved child on her birth-day. And in the postscript was added, by the lady's wish, merely these words—

“*I have news of your mother!*”

“That is sufficient; we must not overwhelm the child; we must communicate only enough to prepare her for my coming,” said Estelle.

After the letter was sealed and duly directed, it was given in charge of an honest lad, the son of a poor widow, living in the same house, who was called up to carry it to the post-office.

“And be sure, my boy, to inquire if there is a letter for Madeleine Rose,” said the sick woman, as the lad left her side.

“It has been so long since I have heard from Etoile, that I think there *must* be a letter in the office,” she added.

As there was much to do in a little time, the lady and her attendant arose to take leave.

“I shall endeavor to send you a nurse this evening, Madeleine. And if you should get a letter from Etoile, will you send the lad to No. 5 ——— Lane, and let me know?”

“Indeed, I will, my lady.”

They now took leave and departed.

On reaching the street door the overcast appearance of the western sky struck them.

“I am afraid there is going to be a dreadful storm, my lady. Look what a black cloud!” said Susan.

“Yes! we shall have a tempest. I knew, by the state of the atmosphere, that we must have one before long. And it is coming. But, Susan, we have a great deal to do, and storm or calm, we must do it this afternoon; for I propose to sail in the very first vessel that leaves this port for the Chesapeake, even though there should be one going to-morrow morning. So, in order to save time we must take a cab.”

And as an empty carriage was just then passing, Susan stopped, and engaged it for the remainder of the afternoon.

When mistress and maid were seated within, the first order given was—

“To the Infirmary Intelligence Office.”

“A drive of ten minutes brought them to the place, where Estelle was so fortunate as to engage a well-recommended, middle-aged woman, who, being paid in advance, agreed to go at once to the sick room of Madeleine. They next drove to the nearest upholsterer, and sent a new cot, mattress, and bedding for the accommodation of the nurse.

They then purchased all the day's newspapers, and gave the order—

“No. 5 ——— Lane.”

And in half an hour they were at home.

They were no sooner in the little parlor than Susan struck a light, relieved her mistress of her outside garments, and carefully ensconced her in her easy chair. Then placing a lighted lamp and the pile of newspapers on the table beside her, she said—

“And now, my lady, while you look at the ship news, I will hurry into the kitchen and have your tea ready in a moment.”

She hastened to the adjoining little back room, leaving her mistress opening the papers.

Estelle turned at once to the list of vessels “to sail,” ran her eye eagerly down the column, and then exclaimed, reading aloud—

“For Baltimore, on the 17th of July, the fast sailing brig Ocean Queen, Brande Master.”

“It is my old friend Barbara, whom I desire, but dread to meet! Yet she could serve me in this cause better than another. Shall I go with her? Let destiny decide! If I can find another vessel going to the Chesapeake to-morrow, or the next day, that is to say at or before her time of sailing, I will go by such an one. If I cannot, I will sail with Barbara; for I have said that I will certainly go by the first craft that leaves.”

Then addressing herself again to the list, she went carefully down the column. And afterwards she successively consulted the ship news in all the remaining papers, but without finding any other vessel that was to sail for the Chesapeake for four days to come.

“Indubitably I go with Barbara,” concluded the lady, as she folded up and put away the last paper.

Susan then opened the door and said—

“Supper is served, my lady.”

Estelle went out into the little back room, and seated herself at the neat table. But her spirits were too much hurried to permit her to do justice to the fragrant tea and nicely browned toast that Susan had prepared.

Susan scarcely observed that her cookery was slighted. The storm that had been gathering all the afternoon was now about to burst upon the earth and sea, to the mortal peril of all great and small, that floated upon the one or stood upon the other. And Susan was flying about, closing shutters, and letting down windows, for the better preservation of their own tiny homestead. Scarcely was the last fastening secured before there blazed forth a blinding flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a deafening crash of thunder that seemed to shake the whole heavens and earth into dissolution.

Susan, arrested half way across the floor, turned deadly pale, and grasped the nearest chair for support.

“Come into the parlor,” said Estelle, rising from her almost untasted meal.

They immediately went into the front room; Estelle sat down in her easy chair; Susan, who was dreadfully afraid in storms, dropped down at her mistress's feet, and buried her face in her mistress's lap.

And then for six hours, there raged one of the most terrific tempests in the memory of the present generation. From seven, P. M., till one, A. M., wind, hail, thunder and lightning, made night hideous with their strife.

Unprecedented desolation marked the progress of the storm on shore. Trees were twisted off at their trunks, or torn up by the roots; groves, gardens and growing crops were devastated. In the towns and cities, old buildings that had stood the storms of centeries, as well as new edifices in process of erection, were alike levelled to the ground. Creeks and rivers, swollen to enormous size, overran their banks, flooding the whole shore, and sweeping off vegetation, buildings, cattle, men, women and children. The sea arose in its awful might and advanced upon the land, desolating many towns and villages along the coast.

Great as was the devastation of the storm upon the land, those who were competent to judge, prevised a far greater mischief to the ships at sea. And those who had relatives or friends afloat, waited in extreme anxiety to hear news of them.

The six dreadful hours were passed by Estelle and her attendant in prayer to Heaven for all those who were exposed to the horrors of the storm.

At one o'clock the phrenzy of the tempest began to subside as the passion of an infuriated madman might, in sullen howls, and sometime returns of frantic violence. And by two o'clock, the thunder and lightning had ceased, the sky was marbled over with troops of black, dispersing clouds, like a disbanded army of storm fiends, and the moon shone out, clear, bright and benignant, as some fair angel speaking peace to the world.

Susan lifted her head from the lap of her mistress, where all this time it had lain, and arose from her kneeling posture.

Estelle also stood up and bade her attendant prepare for retiring. Evening prayers were said. And thanks were returned to Heaven for the calm that had succeeded the storm. Then, unsuspicious of the great damage that had been done by land and sea, the mistress and the maid cheerfully sought their beds.

Estelle slept in the front room over the parlor. Susan occupied the back room over the kitchen. The door of communication was always open between the chambers. Thus Susan, whose mind had been too thoroughly excited by the events of the day, to admit the possibility of her composing herself to rest, knew also that her mistress did not sleep for an instant; but turned, and turned in her bed, and sometimes arose softly and paced the floor. Hoping that the lady would at length lie down and sleep, and fearing to confirm her wakefulness by addressing her, Susan refrained from speaking or moving until sometime after day-break.

Then, seeing that her mistaess opened the blinds to admit the day-light, and proceeded to make her morning toilet, Susan quietly arose and passed into her room.

“My dear girl, go back to bed. I did not wish to disturb you so soon after your loss of rest. Go to sleep again,” said Estelle, as soon as she perceived her attendant.

“As if I *could* sleep again! Dear lady of mine, *you* have not slept all night! no, not for an instant. Why?” inquired the girl, with affectionate solicitude.

Estelle turned and came up to her humble friend, laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, and with her eyes, her lips, her whole eloquent countenance beaming with a tender gladness, said—

“My Susan, many, many nights in my life have you known me to lie awake, from eve to morn, from *sorrow*. But never, in the whole course of my existence, Susan, have I lost but this one night's rest from JOY! Oh, Susan, think of my not being able to sleep for joy! My Etoile! my own child, whom I have mourned for so many years as dead! To think that she lives! that I shall soon clasp her living form to my bosom! It grows upon me, this sense of joy, Susan! it overpowers me! Oh, pray Heaven, that I, who cannot sleep for gladness, may not become unable to reason because of ecstasy!”

“God bless you and preserve you, in joy as in sorrow, my lady!” prayed her faithful attendant.

Alas, short-lived joy!

Scarcely had the words of self-congratulation left the lips of the mistress, and been answered by those of fervent sympathy from the maid, ere the door-bell was rung.

Susan hastened her toilet, and, wondering who it could be who came so early in the morning, went down to open the door.

It was Jerry, the lad whom they had sent to the post-office on the preceding evening.

“Please ma'am, will you ask Mrs. Estel to come directly to Madeleine, who has got a letter to show you.”

“A letter from whom?”

“She told me to say from the young lady on the Island.”

“Good news, or bad?” asked Susan, breathlessly.

“She didn't tell me.”

“Very well; run home as fast as you can, and tell Madeleine that my mistress will be with her immediately.”

The lad obeyed, and Susan ran up-stairs to inform her mistress.

“You needn't tell me. I have heard all, Susan! Quick! my bonnet and gloves!” exclaimed Estelle, who with trembling fingers was fastening her black silk mantilla.

And in less than five minutes the mistress and maid sat out for Madeleine's lodgings.

“I should have sent for you last night, but for the dreadful storm,” said Madeleine, as the lady took a seat beside her bed.

“But the letter, Madeleine? the letter! what news? How is she?”

“Well, Madame, but——”

“But what? Speak!”

“It seems that another letter has miscarried, since she says that she wrote me about six weeks since, advising me of the fact of her guardian's return.”

“He has returned!”

“Yes, Madame—and—lady, it appears from her letter, dated ten days ago, that her guardian had gone to Baltimore to make preparations for their marriage, but was expected home yesterday, which was to have been their wedding day.”

“Oh, no, no, no! Great Heaven, no! It cannot be that this innocent girl should be left to fall a sacrifice to that creature's cupidity! Surely something has intervened to save her! The steamboats have brought us news of many vessels becalmed at sea, in the great stillness of the atmosphere that prevailed until the storm of last night. He may not yet have been able to reach the Island!” exclaimed Estelle, vehemently, catching at the merest possibilities, as the drowning catch at sea-weed.

“Or—he may never reach it! He may have been wrecked! Many vessels must have been lost in the tempest,” suggested Madeleine.

“No! Heaven forbid! But the great calm that preceded the storm must have stopped him. In the tempest of last night, he had enough to do to save his vessel! he could have made no progress! This morning—something may have happened to detain him. I shall sail to-morrow, in the Ocean Queen, the first vessel that leaves this port, for the Chesapeake. I may yet be able to save my child!”

“Heaven grant it, Madam!”

“Read the letter now—nay! give it to me if you have no objection.”

Madeleine took the precious missive from under her pillow, and handed it to the lady.

Eagerly Estelle opened it.

Artless, affectionate, and full of enthusiasm, was this child's epistle. She wrote of her approaching marriage with the most innocent frankness, treating it as a necessary preliminary to her heart's greatest aspiration, to see “the beautiful world beyond.” She continued by saying that in making the bridal tour, they should come first of all to New York, where they should take the steamer to Liverpool, and where also she should be so happy to rejoin her dear Maman Madeleine whom she intended to take with her as her attendant, to Europe. She concluded with the fondest expressions of attachment and the tenderest epithets of endearment.

“The unsophisticated girl! Oh, Heaven grant that I may be in time to save her!” prayed Estelle, as she folded the letter.

Meantime, Susan had been in consultation with the nurse who quickly prepared a cup of tea and a slice of toast for the lady, who had not as yet breakfasted.

The errand boy, Jerry, was dispatched to call a carriage. While he was absent, both mistress and maid partook of some slight refreshment, and soon afterwards entered the cab and drove down to the —— street wharf, off which lay the Ocean Queen at anchor.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

CRUELTY OF PARENTAL TYRANNY.

Politicians remark that no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be seized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be punished or suppressed. But when plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught tc honor from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation of all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without control, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable transgressions, before duty and piety will dare to seek redress, or think themselves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than supplications by which insolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their slaves. The same passions cause the same miseries; except that seldom any prince, however despotic, has so far shaken off all awe of the public eye, as to venture upon the freaks of injustice, which are sometimes indulged under the secrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial decisions, unequal allotments, distributions of reward not by merit but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the honor of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess; and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The king may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another; he may sometimes think himself endangered by the virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why cowards are cruel may easily be discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any particular knowledge, and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domestic oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effects of his barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he shall sink back to imbecility, and must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon the officiousness of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the assistance of children, and whose bed must be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by strangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies to whom his death is desirable!

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocation, and those who have been harassed by brutalities will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal. But surely no resentment can be equally painful with kindness thus undeserved, nor can severer punishment be imprecated upon a man not wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than through the tediousness of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindness of his own children, to receive not the tribute but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miseries not to gratitude but to mercy.

◆

A TUNNEL FOR SERMONS.

“Sermons,” said a pastor, now gone hence, “are listened to as if through a tunnel. And some men hold the large end of their tunnel toward the pulpit, while others present the small end, to receive the spiritual shot and shell.

“The men that hold the small end of the tunnel towards themselves catch the whole force of the sermon, and its concentrated strength strikes hard upon their heart and conscience. Those, on the contrary, who hold the *large* end of the tunnel towards themselves, are hardly touched at all—the charge from the pulpit hitting on the outside of the tunnel, scatters in all directions, and is distributed among their neighbors.”

Again he said: “There are two ladders by which men climb up in this world. They are called ‘Principle,’ and ‘Expediency.’ The first is God's ladder; the second is the ladder of the devil.

“Every round of the ladder of Principle is firm and sure. There is no danger of falling, though the climber go never so high. He may be able to ascend but slowly; his upward efforts may be attended with throes of pain; and he may feel a sinking of heart, overwhelming of the brain, as he pauses to observe his situation and the steepness of the way. But he is safe, if he *hold on;* and the higher he climbs the more will he possess the sense of his security; and it will not be long before he shall see whereon the top of the ladder resteth, and Whose is the mighty Hand that holds it to its place. *Then* shall he rise with winged footsteps, and leap off with shouting from the top-most round; for ‘Principle’ is that ladder whose top reacheth unto Heaven.

“But the ladder of Expediency, though it seems to be strong and firmly placed, and though the ascent is without difficulty or distress, has always one rotten round in it. But no man ever can tell where that round is, until he steps upon it; when he is *certain* to fall through. And the *higher up* this rotten round is, the more fatal it is for the climber; for the thus greater his fall, and the more sure his destruction.” A. M.

◆

THE LIAR.

“The wretch that often has deceived,
Though truth he speaks is ne'er believed.”

When Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied—“Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.” The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature may be kept in countenance by applause and association. The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned and disowned: he has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: “The devils,” says Sir Thomas Brown, “do not tell lies of one another; for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it.”

◆

THE HOPE OF THE AGED.

No man, however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may hold his station in the world for another year. Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation. There is no time of life in which men, for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or more busy in provding for another year, than when it is plain to all but themselves—that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man that is borne to the grave thought himself equally certaia of living—at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

◆

BE MODEST.

We have sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself. It is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly. But since a fallible being will always make some deviation from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to inquire, towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudice of mankind seems to favor him who errs by underrating his own powers. He is considered as a modest and harmless member of society; not likely to break the peace by competition; to endeavor after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others; or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves. He is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

◆

FOR PARENTS AND GIRLS.

Since there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps one of the rarest and most beautiful arts that can be taught a woman. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its richest stores. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to maturer life we ought to advert? Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting that they are to live at home; for the world, and not for themselves; for show, and not for use; for time, and not for eternity?

◆

A Beautiful and Sublime Truth.—To love an enemy is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by Him who lived and died to establish it by His example.

BOYISH REMEMBRANCES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

O, would that boyhood's happy days
Time would again restore,
And bring before me visions bright
Of happiness once more;
For as I cast a backward glance
I hear sweet boyhood's strain;
And eager joys, and vigorous life
Fill every bursting vein;
And as in my familiar haunts
I now in sorrow tread,
The past, despoiled of all its tombs,
Unsepulchres its dead.

How oft beneath the shady oak
In summer would I lie,
And watch the happy, warbling birds
Mount up unto the sky;
And listening to the church-bells' chimes
That broke upon my ear,
Kneel down within my solitude
And breathe a fervent prayer;
O, those were bright, exulting days
That dawn'd upon me then—
When Fancy held life's magic brush,
And Poetry the pen.

My boyhood's love—I feel it now
With all its early glow;
Once more I see her captive locks
In flaxen ringlets flow;
Once more I feel myself enclosed
Within her fond embrace;
Again her loving eyes are raised
In meekness to my face;
But, O, the seal of death was set
Upon her marble brow—
She was too fair and frail for earth—
She is God's angel now.

I know full well that boyish days
Cannot return again—
No more its eager, vigorous joys
Shall fill a single vein;
But when life's broken ties are knit—
When wounded hearts are healed;
When scatter'd friendships once again
By harmony are sealed;
When death shall bring the sleepers back
From out the boundless sea;
O, then again you may restore
My childhood's days to me.

◆

THE GREED OF GAIN;

OR,

ELBERT BRONSON'S EXAMPLE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Elbert Bronson and his pretty little wife, Louise, were seated together one morning, about six months after their marriage, at the breakfast table, in their handsome new house on G—— Square. Everything was very elegant in their new home, and the dining-room in which they sat was fitted up with furniture of oak and green, and carved buffets, and oak-pannelled ceilings and walls, while there was plenty of silver, and crystal, and French china, glittering upon shelves and table. The toilet of Louise was fresh and beautiful, and one would have supposed that not a single want could have crept into that luxurious mansion.

But while Elbert reads his newspaper, and, in his great interest in the money article, forgets to drink his coffee until it grows quite cold, Louise sits opposite to him, behind the tray with its beautiful breakfast service, in an equally forgetful mood. She wants something, and is trying to gain nerve to ask for it.

By-and-bye Elbert lays down the newspaper, and turns his attention to his neglected breakfast.

"I declare, Lou," he says, "my coffee is quite cold. Give me another cup, sweet and strong. Ah, that's right. Now for an egg, and a bit of toast. I wish I had left the newspaper alone until I had finished my breakfast. I've a hard day before me, I expect, for old Mumpus has read that money article, as well as myself, by this time."

Louise opened her eyes very wide. She had never heard money articles discussed at her father's table, and did not in the least comprehend her husband's remarks. So she simply said—

"Have you so much to do, my dear, that you cannot take a drive with me this morning? I want your taste in the selection of some fall dresses. You know I have had nothing new since I was married, and have positively nothing to wear."

"If you'll get ready at once, Lou, I can go with you; though what you can want of any more clothes, I cannot imagine, when I call to mind the dozen trunks full of bridal finery that we carried with us from Saratoga to the Falls, and from the Falls to Newport and Cape May, last summer. Still, if you must have the things, I'll go with you, and tell you what I like, though I can assure you my sisters never could persuade me to bore myself with their shopping excursions."

"Ah, but you know a wife is very different from sisters. Mrs. Elbert Bronson, you know, must have a new costume in which to receive visitors in her own house, and no person is more critical in such matters than her husband."

"True, true, my pet; but don't stop to talk. Finish your breakfast and be off at once, if you want my company."

Thus adjured, Louise hurriedly, and, if truth must be told, rather nervously drank her coffee, and finished her meal. There was something else upon her mind, which she had not spoken, but knew she must speak. Her purse had been well supplied, at the time of her marriage, by the kind forethought of her father; but she had used its contents with her usual liberality, and now it was empty. Her husband had given her money for their housekeeping expenses—the sum which, by his mother's calculations, was necessary for the first month. But he had never inquired whether she needed anything for her personal expenditure, nor offered to replenish her purse. And she, accustomed only to receive money from the hands of her parents, hesitated, in a manner which to coarser minds would probably have been unaccountable, to make known her wants.

Her father, to whom she had made known her perplexity, had said—

"You must now look to your husband, my daughter, for the supply of your wants. He is, in every sense, bound to provide for you; and if he has not sufficient delicacy of feeling to supply you with money voluntarily, you need have no delicacy about asking him. I could give you money for your fall shopping, but I do not choose to do so, and thus make a precedent which Bronson may recall at some future period."

Louise was silenced. She knew that her parents had not given their consent to her marriage with Elbert Bronson, without many misgivings. They thought him too hard and worldly, too much absorbed in the indurating process of money-getting, and too little accessible to the better impulses of humanity to be a congenial companion for one who had been so tenderly reared, and who was so sensitive as Louise.

On her marriage, her father had provided her with an elegant trosseau, and with all the plate and linen necessary for her house; had given her a sum of money sufficient for six months' expenses, and had paid into the hands of her husband twenty thousand dollars. Although he was a wealthy man, he might well feel, that while Bronson was entirely prosperous in business, and had already a fine fortune, Louise had no further pecuniary claims upon him.

Elbert Bronson had again taken up the newspaper, and did not observe his wife's uneasiness. She had finished her breakfast, and there was no further excuse for delay. The carriage had been ordered in half an hour, and there was no more than time for her toilet. So she rose, and creeping softly round the table, stood behind his chair. A painful blush spread over her face, and for the first time in her life, she felt awkwardly. But she put her arms about her husband's neck, and bending over him, she kissed his forehead. He moved a little, impatiently, for he was reading, but only said—

"There, there, run up stairs, Lou, and get ready, for I can't wait."

But as she still stood without reply, he turned round.

"Did you want anything, Lou?"

"Yes, dear, there is something I want. Look here;" and she displayed to him her elegant little purse, open and empty. He had caught one of her hands, and was fondling it, but when he saw the purse, he dropped it, while something like a frown settled upon his brow.

"Ah, you want money, do you!" he exclaimed. "How much do you want, eh?"

Louise could not have answered that question, uttered in such a hard, business-like voice, if far more than her present needs had depended upon it. She drew back from her husband, sat down, and burst into tears. Elbert did not observe this for some moments. He was rolling and unrolling the bank-notes in his pocket-book. He really did not know how much she required, as he turned to repeat his question. A man of delicate feeling and generous impulses would have put a sum into the little purse, and handed it to his wife; but that would not have been the business-like way.

So he turned to ask his question, and saw Louise weeping. He really loved his wife. She was almost as dear as his money, which he worshipped, and he was sorry to see her cry.

"Why, pussy, what is the matter?" he said, getting up and going to her, and leaving all his money upon the table. "What is it, Louise? Anything about the money? I certainly did wonder what you had done with the sum I knew you had. But never mind. Here is some in your purse, and I will pay your bill at the store. There, kiss me, and don't cry any more. But let me just say this, now," as she was leaving the room: "all I have is invested in business, and our expenses have been very large since our marriage; so we must be as prudent in personal expenses as possible. To live in this fine large house, to keep a carriage, and invite our friends to dine with us, helps to keep up my position before the community as a successful business man. It is only another way of advertising But we must calculate closely in what we expend merely for personal gratification. Do you understand me, my dear?"

Louise bowed her head, she could not speak, and hurried from the room. She did not, in the least, understand her husband, and she was not aware what thing she had done to make such a lecture necessary. But she was sweet-tempered and yielding; she had always been guided by others, and was unaccustomed to any responsibility. She was quite willing to make her husband's interests her own, if she could have known how. But she knew that he was rich, and as she had not gone down a step in the social scale in marrying him, she could not rightly understand why she should not still have the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and make her toilet harmonize with her dwelling, and other accessories, in cost and richness.

But while she was dressing, the thought flashed into her mind, "perhaps it is because he knows how young and thoughtless I am, that he said those things. I was foolish to care." So she dried her eyes, and bathed them, and presently went down, all radiant with smiles, in her pretty carriage dress. Elbert was waiting, and the impatient horses were pawing the pavement before the door, and presently the husband and wife were rolling down Broadway, their splendid establishment and their handsome persons dividing the attention of such promenaders as had leisure to observe what was passing before them.

Arrived at the store, Louise found that Elbert exercised his "taste" principally upon the prices of the goods she examined with the view of purchasing.

"This is a very handsome piece of silk," said the clerk, exhibiting the rich folds as he spoke. "It is among our last importations, and unique, I assure you, ma'am."

Louise was just about to order the requisite number of yards measured off, when her husband whispered in her ear:

"That piece is three dollars a yard, Lou, and here is one at two and a half, which suits my 'taste' better."

Louise looked at the piece indicated, and whispered in reply:

"That color does not suit my complexion, Elbert. I had rather have the other."

"Oh, very well, I thought you wanted my taste. Do as you please," Mr. Bronson replied, haughtily turning away.

The tears rose to Louise's eyes, and a bitter thought would make itself heard—"It is the money he cares for."

But she repressed both tear and thought, and turned to her purchases. Another piece of silk was found at two dollars and a half, in colors suited to her complexion, which she called her husband to see, but he pretended to be busy examining some articles at a distant counter. So she laid aside the piece she had first chosen, with a little sigh, and took the inferior one. "I am sure he will be pleased with that," she thought.

The same process was repeated in all her different purchases. Several inferior articles were bought, such as her genuine good taste and knowledge of what harmonized with her appointments of house and equipage, would have led her to reject. But she could not bear to incur again the penalty of that dark frown and haughty reply. At length her purchases were completed, and the bill given to Mr. Bronson, by his request.

The frown returned, darker than ever, as he looked at its sum total. However, he was not inclined to make a scene in the presence of the clerks and loungers, so he paid it, though with an ill grace. But, no sooner were the pair again in their carriage, than his wrath burst forth. Poor Louise was overwhelmed by his bitter words. She could accuse herself of nothing; she had followed all his suggestions, sacrificing her own wishes to his, in order to make the bill as small as possible; but when she timidly told him so, he only repeated:

"After my statement this morning, I confess I hardly expected such a display of extravagance."

She sat Mr. Bronson down at his place of business, and then drove homewards. She had intended going to her dressmaker's, but she felt too dispirited. She had turned a new and sad leaf of her life-book, and she longed to be at home and alone to think of it, to seek to know her duty, and to learn to bear what she feared was before her. When she arrived at home, she went directly to her room; and when her purchases were brought to her, she tossed them into a drawer, without looking at them, and admiring them, as she would have done a few months before, when in her father's house. The sight of even the papers that covered them was painful to her now. So she shut them up, and tried to forget that they must be taken out, and made up, and worn—each step in the process a reminder of the first frowns and the first harsh words that her husband had ever inflicted upon her.

When Mr. Bronson returned to dinner, he seemed to have forgotten the occurrences of the morning, and Louise met him a little paler, perhaps, than usual, and a shade more serious. She had spent the interval in thought more serious than she had ever before entertained. She saw a glimpse of the life that was before her; she saw that trials were her portion—those secret trials that embitter so many lives at the hearthstone, where should spring the fountain of the sweetest joys of existence. She realized now, for the first time, the uncongeniality of tastes and temperaments which her parents had feared. But she still loved her husband very devotedly. This one shock could scarcely weaken such a love; and she trusted and hoped, though vaguely, as a loving heart always will, in all hours of trial.

She wished, above all things, to do right, and she resolved with a gentle firmness, that could hardly have been expected of one who had been a petted favorite daughter, and was the idolized bride of six months, to take up her burdens and bear them steadily and cheerfully. She resolved not to make her parents the sharers of her difficulties, judging rightly that their sympathy with her might lead them to regard her husband with dislike and injustice.

So she met her husband quietly and cheerfully, though she was more silent than was her wont at dinner. But he was in high spirits. He had gained a decided advantage over "old Mumpus," in consequence of his early study of the money article—he had made about six times the amount of his wife's bill for dresses, in one transaction, and could afford to be in exceedingly good humor. Meanwhile he was unconscious how he had cast from him the most precious jewel in his life's crown—the confidence of the loving heart of his wife.

The scenes of that day, modified of course by circumstances, were often repeated. When Louise summoned courage at last to go to her dressmaker's, with the dresses she had purchased, she found on taking out her purse, which she had not opened since her husband gave it into her hands on the morning of her shopping expedition, that it contained several bank notes. But on unrolling them, what had seemed to her a generous gift, was found to consist of but five one-dollar notes—a sum so small as to make it utterly useless to go out to purchase the trimmings which were required. She was therefore forced to allow the dressmaker to furnish them, though she had intended, as an act of economy which she thought her husband would approve, to buy them herself. The consequence of this piece of meanness was an item in the dressmaker's bill for "extras," which made Mr. Bronson frown, and speak more harshly than he ever did before.

These scenes were but the beginning of the end. Every day and every year added to the burden of sorrowful disappointmont which Louise bore. Surrounded by all the outward appliances of luxury, forced to conform rigidly to appearances and the demands of station, she was yet cramped and fettered by the exceeding meanness and avarice of her husband. As children gathered around her, her trials became more severe and constant, and especially was this the case as those children advanced to manhood and womanhood.

Every item of her expenditure she was compelled to subject to her husband's criticism, He exacted luxurious appointments of dress and table, and yet grudged the money they cost. Dollars and cents were of ten thousand times more worth in his eyes than the love of his wife, or the respect of his children. He recognized no right of his wife in aught that belonged to him—property, house, furniture, plate—all was his, and it mattered not that her dower of twenty thousand dollars had doubled and quadrupled itself in his hands. To dispute a hosiery bill, to utter tirades about the waste of kitchen scraps, to indulge in the harshest language about the chance breaking of a pane of glass, and thus lacerate the heart of his faithful wife, were common occurrences; while enormous sums were paid for the education of his children—his sons at college, and his daughters in fashionable boarding-schools, because the world, which already read his secret and despised his meanness, could behold these deeds of ostentation.

Louise Bronson led this wearisome life of splendid misery until her children had nearly all reached years of maturity. She was pale, and wan, and fragile, and her friends were predicting the near approach of the time that should behold her release from trials of which she never complained, but which they more than suspected. Leaving her eldest daughter to take her place in the household, for a short time, she had been induced to accompany one of her sisters upon a short tour, which her friends hoped might revive her sinking frame.

Bronson had grumbled at the expense this expedition involved, but, for the first time, had been awed by the aged father of Louise, who hinted that some account might be required of her portion, which had been settled upon her and her heirs. To these stern words were added some reference to her health, and the expression of a belief that he was guilty of a system of torture which had sapped the springs of her life. Bronson yielded, because, as he said, he wished everything done for her restoration to health, the failure of which, he averred, he had not before perceived.

Louise was just arousing to cheerfulness in the pleasant retreat to which her sister had conducted her, when tidings arrived, the shock of which for a time prostrated all her powers of mind and body. Bronson had died suddenly. He had grown harder and harder through years of greedy pursuit of riches, and when a poor debtor, unfortunate in business, came to him to beg an extension of time he denied him, and waxed furious at his appeals and representations. He even so far forgot himself, in his passion, as to rise from his chair and raise his hand for a blow. But an unexpected hand was interposed—that of Death.

In his fearful wrath he had burst a blood-vessel, the crimson stream flowed swiftly from his mouth, and he fell back powerless. Without even being conveyed to his home, for instant death would have followed his removal, he died in a few hours upon the floor of the office where, for years, he had planned his schemes of wealth.

The gloom of that sudden and fearful death was yet hanging over that household, when Louise came back to it. Many weeks had passed, for she had been very ill since those terrible tidings reached her. The first shock of such an event had passed away. Her children and friends gathered round her, and she soon found that, in spite of mourning drapery, in spite of the cessation of visits, except from her own family, she was happier than ever she had been since the days of her girlhood. She hardly knew what to do with her recovered freedom, it was so strange to act out her own impulses and generous desires, without fear or restraint.

Sometimes she even reproached herself with the new elasticity into which her spirit had rebounded, but she soon saw that it was but the natural consequence of her long years of depression, and accepted gratefully, yet not without many tears for the memory she could not revere, her new-found peace and freedom.

Louise Bronson, the widow of the avaricious millionaire, is still living, happy, honored and respected. Peace has brought health in its train, and her friends jestingly affirm that she rivals her lovely daughters in beauty, although she has reached the borders of middle-age. Her life is devoted to doing good, by being generous and kind to the poor and afflicted, and to fulfilling all those duties which inhere in the possession of great wealth, and which she was forced to neglect during her husband's life-time.

Elbert Bronson's business has passed into the hands of his sons, and is transacted in a different spirit, and on far more liberal principles than his. They love to extend aid to the unfortunate debtor, to assist the enterprising poor man, to give to all the noble charities of the day, and to contribute liberally to all that can enhance commercial or public prosperity. And thus, while the death of Elbert Bronson was felt as a release from fearful servitude, in his home and among all his dependants, the terrible mistakes of his life have formed a powerful example, and have led to good results.

◆

MEANNESS OF DETRACTION.

"Far from my table be the tell-tale guest."

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind, in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humored when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart for pleasantry and good-humor, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name," says Shakespeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonor upon his company than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his office.

◆

AN INFIDEL TRICK.

It has been the fashion of our late innovators in philosophy, who have written some of the most brilliant and popular treatises on education, to decry the practice of early instilling religious knowledge into the minds of children. It has been alledged, that it is of the utmost importance to the cause of truth, that the mind of man should be kept free from prepossessions; and in particular, that every one should be left to form such judgment on religious subjects as may seem best to his own reason in maturer years.

This sentiment has received some countenance from those better characters who have wished, on the fairest principle, to encourage free inquiry in religion; but it has been pushed to the blameable excess here censured, chiefly by the new philosophers; who, while they profess only an ingenuous zeal for truth, are, in fact, slily endeavoring to destroy Christianity itself, by discountenancing, under the plausible pretence of free inquiry, all attention whatever to the religious education of our youth.

◆

HONOR DUE ONLY TO VIRTUE.

s the acquisition of honor is frequently a motive to the risk of life, it is of great importance to confer it only on virtue; and as honor is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honor by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is perhaps as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that we wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the success of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labor to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

◆

ADVICE.

"I miss'd my end, and lost my way,
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray."

It has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to choose their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those who reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is given. They admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century. Some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise. Yet very little alteration has been made in the world; for as we must all, by the law of nature, enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of experience.

◆

CUNNING.

In Cunning, the offspring of Apollo and Envy, the qualities both of the father and the mother, as far as they are compatible, are united. As the progeny of Envy, he regards whatever is amiable and good with malignity; the end that he proposes is always the gratification of vice; but he inherits so much of his father's wisdom, that he frequently pursues that end by the most effectual means.

All, therefore, whom Wisdom would disdain to counsel, apply to Cunning. But of the votaries to Cunning, even those who succeed are disappointed; they do, indeed, frequently obtain the immediate object of their wish; but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

THE INDISPENSABLE PART OF EDUCATION.

The knowledge of morality and Christianity is the absolutely indispensable part of education. For what avails it how knowing a person is in speculative science, if he knows not how to be useful and happy? If this work be neglected in the earlier part of life, it must be owing to some very favorable circumstances, if the person turns out well afterwards. For the human mind resembles a piece of ground which will by no means lie wholly bare, but will either bring forth weeds or fruits, according as it is cultivated or neglected. And according as the habits of vice and irreligion, or the contrary, get the first possession of the mind, such is the future man like to be. We do not think it proper to leave our children to themselves to find out the sciences of grammar or numbers, or the knowledge of languages, or the art of writing, or of a profession to live by; and shall we leave them to settle the boundaries of right and wrong by their own sagacity, or to neglect or misunderstand a religion which God himself has condescended to give us as the rule of our faith and practice? What can it signify to a youth that he go through all the liberal sciences, if he be ignorant of the rules by which he ought to live, and by which he is to be judged at last? Will Greek or Latin alone gain him the esteem of the wise and virtuous? or will philosophy and mathematics save his soul?

◆

SLEEP.

"——Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;
And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,
Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes."

If every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as Sleep should meet with so few historians and panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burthen of life; and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labor however rewarded, or the struggle with opposition however successful.

Sleep, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labor, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquility.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; "So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without my prayers:" their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by Virtue.

◆

FATE OF THE LAZY AND IDLE.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must be effected by vigor and perseverance. With regard to that which is styled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year is divisible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he therefore that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object: for whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed move forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labor, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following.

◆

HONOR.

Perhaps there is not any word in the language less understood than Honor; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honor is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice; and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a Man of Honor, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptance of the word, Honor, as a principle, does not include virtue; and therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by hope of honor.

"Each inly murm'ring at the unequal meed,
Repines that merit should reward succeed."

◆

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHILDREN.

Mothers, rather than confide the health, life, and happiness of your children to the hands of strangers, employ the latter in the management of your household affairs. No price is adequate to healthful and well-educated children; they will amply repay you for all the tears, the time, trouble, and care bestowed on them, as well as for the eventual losses you may sustain for their sakes in your economical concerns.

Every sensible mother and prudent house-wife, will so arrange her various domestic occupations, as to enable her to pay sufficient attention to the nursery; nor will she suffer her valuable time to be wasted by inferior pursuits that can be easily managed by others.

◆

Deal Precisely with Relations.—Exactness in accounts, and in business, relative to property, far from being unnecessary among friends and relations, is, we think, particularly agreeable and essential to the continuance of frank intimacy. Dr. Franklin says that nearly all the quarrels, which so frequently arise among relations, might be prevented by precision in business transactions, and by setting the details down in black and white, instead of trusting to treacherous memories.

◆

"Familiarity Breeds Contempt."—That familiarity produces neglect has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with the novelty; the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustic tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring, with little attention to their color or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

DAY AND NIGHT.

BY C. D. STUART.

Day.

Black Erebus, the shepherd of the Night,
Tending his flock of stars—
Grown weary watching by the moon's pale light,
Unlocks his ebon bars,
And, marshaled by the Dawn,
Refreshed the virgin Morning wakes,
And from her golden eye-lids shakes
The Day, and Night is gone!

Night.

What gloom descends! the rosy-footed hours,
By glowing Phœbus led—
Adown the west, amid Cimmerean bowers,
With slumberous Day have fled;
Shut out from Earth is light,
Black Erebus re-locks his bars,
Recounts his shining flock of stars,
And sings—'tis Night, 'tis Night!

MY HOST.

A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossd the Illinois River at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock River at Foster's Mill. Foster was an old friend, who had gone out some years before, and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, he having bought a whole township in that section. It was some out of my way, as my most direct route was very near due west from Ottawa, whereas this took me over sixty miles further north. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock River, and I turned my horse's head in that direction. I calculated my time and concluded that, by moderate traveling, I could reach the mill in two days.

During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and was well traveled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region, and the way was little better than a bridle-path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings, where small huts were erected, and at one of these latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the premises the father having gone to "the mills." I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were "Foster's mills."

From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling, after leaving two near by, between here and there was a sort of stopping-place kept by a man named Daniel Groome. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, principally whiskey. His house was twelve miles from the mills.

This just suited me. I could reach Groome's by six o'clock, and there get some supper, and rest and bait my horse. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well on in its second quarter.

The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed half-a-dollar upon a flaxen-headed urchin who was trotting around upon his bare feet, and then set forward again. There was another hut at the distance of half-a-mile, and a second about a mile off. I saw no more human habitations until I reached Groome's. I found the traveling full as good as I had expected, and arrived at the forest inn at just half-past five.

This inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and, to a lover of isolated nature, must have been a charming retreat. The house was built of logs, the outside surfaces hewn, and the seams filled with cement, formed of some sort of fine, tough moss and pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable to the road, and the other two upon either side, running out like two L's. Then there was a barn a short distance off, with a piggery connected. Take it altogether, and it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that water was plentiful.

As I rode up to the door Mr. Groome himself came out. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a fiery red head, and a face as coarse and rough as it was ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected a tone like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that his notes fell upon my ears like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive one, for in conversation he seemed a different man.

I informed him that I was on my way to Foster's Mill, and should only stop long enough to rest my horse and to get some supper. He gazed into my face for some moments without speaking, and finally said—

"Ah—yes—humph."

Then he turned into the entry and called "Ike." Ike came—a tall, strapping youth of one or two-and-twenty—with a red head, and features such as could belong to no one but a child of my host. "Ike" took my horse, and Mr. Groome led the way to the "sitting-room," as he called it. It was rough but comfortable; and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs, these benches being sufficient to accommodate quite an assemblage.

Groome asked me if I would like "something warm." I supposed he meant whiskey, and told him no. He said I'd better take a little—'twould do me good. But I assured him I never used it—that I felt better without it.

"But do you mean that you never drink whiskey?" he asked, with elevated eye-brows.

"Never," I told him.

"Brandy, I s'pose; or mebby rale old gin?" pursued my host.

"No," I replied. "I don't use stimulating drinks at all."

"You don't!" burst from his lips, while he eyed me from head to foot. "Wal, stranger, I'd give sun'thin' for your pictur, to hang up in my house. Never drink! How in marcy's name d'ye live? How do ye contrive when ye get wet and cold?"

"Why," said I, with a smile, "I get dry again as soon as possible."

"*Dry!*—my sakes, I should think 'twould be an everlastin' dry! Never drink! Wal—here I've lived, year in an' year out, goin' on to fifteen year, an' you're the fust man I ever seed as wouldn't drink a bit o' whiskey on top of a long journey. Fact—stranger—'tis, by thunder!"

I told him I thought it very probable, and he then went out, and I heard him leave the house.

In half an hour my host came and informed me that supper was ready. He led me to a back room, where a table was set quite respectably, the dishes being of blue ware, and nearly new. He and "Ike" sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured there could be no poison in them. The meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried bacon, and new wheat bread; and I did ample justice to the repast.

"You think you must go on to-night?" said my host, while we were eating.

"Yes," I told him. "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night."

"Is he expectin' ye?" Groome asked.

"No," I answered,

"Perhaps he don't know that you're in this section at all?"

"No, he doesn't," I said. And I expected that my host would urge me to stay with him until morning; so I had my answers all prepared.

But I was mistaken. He didn't urge any such thing. On the contrary, he said he thought I was wise in my determination. He would like my company, but it would be better for me to push on. I was quite relieved.

It wanted a quarter of seven when my horse was brought to the door. I took out my wallet, and asked what was to pay. "Half a dollar." I paid it, and then asked which was the most direct route.

"You see that big tree, just over the barn there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Wal, that's right in the best road. When you strike that, you can't miss the way."

"But isn't there another road?—one which follows this stream right down to the mills?" I asked; for I had been informed by the young man who had taken charge of my horse at noon, that Groome's inn was right by the very stream which gave Foster his mill-power, and that the road followed the stream direct.

"Oh," said my host, turning and looking off towards the stream, "that road ain't fit to travel now. T'other one's the best."

"But what's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Why—the bridges are all washed away; and then there's been wind-falls acrost it. I tried it last week, and had to come back. The upper road is the matter of a mile or two furder, but that's nothin'. Your beast is good for it, I guess."

I told him my horse would stand it well enough, and then asked where the other road struck the stream.

"About three mile this side of the mills," he replied.

"It's all clear and direct?"

"Yes. You can't miss the way."

I bade my host good-bye, and then started on. I didn't like this idea of a new road, at all. The youth, before mentioned, had told me what an excellent road it was from Groome's to the mill, by the river-road. He said it followed the stream, which was very near straight, and that it was light and open the whole distance. However, of course, Groome knew, so I must make the best of it. I looked back as I reached the edge of the wood. I was upon a gentle eminence, and could overlook the shrubbery I had passed. I looked and saw "Ike" going from the house to the barn. He had a saddle upon his arm. I was sure it was a saddle. Perhaps he had an errand to do.

Ere long, I entered the wood, and found it thick and gloomy. The path was plain enough, and had evidently been once a traveled road. Aye—I remembered, now, of having heard my informant of the noontide speak of the "old road." He said there used to be a road leading to Rock River, but when Foster commenced his settlement, a new road was opened by the stream, and the old one discontinued. He had said nothing about any bridges.

At the distance of two miles, I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of gully, and a stream must at some time have run there. I looked, but saw no tracks upon it. Water had swept across there since any living thing had trodden it. I slid from my saddle, and examined thoroughly; but I could find no tracks.

Of course, the father of my noontime's host could not have gone this way! And yet he had gone to Foster's Mills. I began to suspect mischief. There had been an uneasy sensation lurking in my bosom ever since I left the inn. Something was wrong. I regained my saddle and looked about. The sun was nearly down—in twenty minutes, at the farthest, it would be out of sight.

Instinctively I drew one of my pistols from the holster. I raised the hammer, and found the cap in its place. I was just putting it back, when I noticed a mark upon the but. It was a peculiar knot in the wood. That pistol I always carried in the left holster. It was not so sure as the other one. I took out the other, and was sure the weapons had been changed by other hands than mine! They had remained in the saddle at the forest inn, and the exchange might have taken place there.

I began to think. Why was Groome so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then, why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him, and paying him a dollar, or so, more than I did? Then, this road—I believed I had been deceived. There had been no freshets to carry away bridges, for it was now early Autumn, and the river road had been traveled all summer. And then, the saddle I had seen "Ike" carrying to the barn. There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groome had daughters at his house, and, perhaps others, whom he would not have to hear the noise of a robbery. And, very likely, he would not wish to have such a deed connected with his house at all. Of course, he knew I had money. No one would be traveling, as I was then traveling, without a considerable sum.

If my pistols had been taken out, might they not have been further dealt with? I took the one from the right holster and examined it. The ball was in its place, and the cap on. Still I was not satisfied. I slipped the cap off, and found the percussion composition removed. There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all. I found the tube spiked with a little pine stick!

Here was the secret, sure enough. I took my penknife, and succeeded in drawing out the stick; and then I examined the other pistol, which I found to be in the same plight. I stopped and went at the work in earnest. I had an excellent screw for removing bullets, and my pistol barrels were emptied in a very few moments. I had a serious objection to firing them off there in the woods, where the report might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them, and then snapped a cap upon each. I found them both clear, and then proceeded to load them, which I did carefully.

And now, how should I proceed? That this road would lead me to Foster's Mills I had no doubt; and it would be nearer for me now to keep on than to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up.

And next—which way would my host come?—for that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—everything that had transpired between him and me—pointed to that one simple result. Would he go down the river-road a piece, and head me off; or would he follow me directly up? Most likely the former. I considered upon it awhile, and then resolved to push on, and keep upon my guard.

The sun was down, and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell lengthwise upon the road, she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the transition. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols, and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first I was puzzled to tell the direction from which it came, but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand, which was towards the river. Presently it stopped. I drew my horse to the left side of the path and kept on at a gentle trot, having raised the lappet of my right holster.

In a few moments I saw a dark form, amid the bushes, a little way ahead, on the right. As I came up a man rode out. It was MY HOST!

"Good evening, sir," said he, with exceeding politeness.

"Ah—good evening," I returned. "I had not expected the pleasure of company."

"No—I s'pose not," he resumed, in a sort of hesitating tone. "And I shouldn't have come out only for a little business I forgot when you were at the inn."

It was plain as day. My pistols had been rendered useless—I had been sent off into this unfrequented wood—and now the villain thought to take my life and my money without any risk to his own body, and then hide my poor carcass in the earth, where, very likely, others had been hidden before. My eyes were open, and my hand ready.

"May I ask to what business you allude?" I said.

"Yes!" he snapped out, in a tone somewhat in agreement with his features, "I want money! *Money*, sir!"

As he spoke he raised a heavy pistol.

"Take care!" I cried, raising my own pistol, and pointing it full in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed, in coarse triumph, "your Yankee pistols weren't made to harm such as me! I'll soon put you where I've put others afore——"

When a man knows that death is staring him in the face, and that only his own act can avert it, he is not apt to wait long. At least I am not. And my host's last words gave me ample proof of the correctness of my worst suspicions. Without waiting for him to finish, I fired. His own finger must have pressed upon the trigger of his pistol, for within the space of a watch's tick a sharp report answered and mingled with mine, and my hat shook upon my head.

Daniel Groome swayed to and fro several times in his saddle, and then, with a gurgling groan, he sank upon the earth. I slipped down after him, and when I stooped over him I saw a few drops of dark blood trickling from his forehead, just over the bridge of the nose.

For a few moments I felt awe-stricken and condemned. It was a natural feeling in such a presence. But when I came to reflect upon all that had preceded the deed, I felt that I had done my country a service. I made the robber's horse fast to a tree, and then remounted and rode on. I reached the Mills at half-past nine, and found Foster and his family up. They were glad to see me, and introduced me to a Mr. Price, whom I soon found to be the owner of the place where I had taken dinner.

As soon as the female portion of the family had retired, I related my adventure. Both Foster and Price were astonished, but they were not at all disappointed at finding that Groome was the villain. Four men had been missed in that section within the past two years; and the host of the forest inn had been suspected.

On the following morning a party started out under my guidance. There were Foster and Price, and three men who worked in the mills. When we reached the spot where the tragedy had happened we found the horse as I had left him, and my host lay upon the ground, stiff and cold. He had not bled, the ball having made but a small wound, though it had passed clear through.

A little way within the wood we found a place where the ground seemed at some time to have been disturbed, and upon digging there we found two human bodies. Subsequently one more was found only a few rods distant.

The body of Groome was taken up to his house, and we there found that "Ike" had fled. He had probably been out and found his dead father, and, fearing that he might be implicated, he departed.

Mrs. Groome, who was a mild, broken-down woman, acknowledged that she had long been aware of her husband's crimes, but that the fear of death had kept her silent. She said she had sworn to expose him if he ever did a murder where she could see, or hear it.

"Ike," I believe, has not yet been found; but his mother is still living in Illinois, with a married daughter, and is well off. She has grown healthier, and stronger, and more happy since the night on which I had the highway adventure with My Host.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES.—We cannot advise you what profession to choose. Take that which you like best, and pursue it with untiring industry, and you will get along without much trouble. Why not take your $1400 to the West, buy a tract of good land, and work out your destiny *there?* That may be the best way, after all.

STEPHENTOWN.—The best thing you can do is to return to your work and stick to it. The first opportunity you have, explain the affair to your employer frankly, and then be careful never to be caught in such a scrape again.

NORA.—We cannot aid you in getting employment as amanuensis. And we will take this opportunity to say, that we cannot aid anybody at any time to get employment of any kind whatever.

PEORIA.—You can execute in Illinois, a deed of land lying in this State, by going before a Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York.

B. C.—If a bank pays a forged check, it loses the amount, of course; the person whose name is forged has nothing to do with it.

INQUIRER.—The Federal Government has to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may at any time be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress. When the militia are called out by a State government to serve the State, they must confine their operations within its borders; and when in the service of the Federal Government, they cannot be compelled to cross the frontiers of, or in any manner to leave, the United States; although they are at liberty to *volunteer* to go beyond the boundaries of the Republic. During the war of 1812, when the battle of Queenstown was raging, the militia absolutely refused to cross Niagara river, and help their brethren of the regular army, although the latter were overwhelmed by the enemy's superior forces. The Federal Government is also obliged to protect each and every State against invasion; and also, on application of the legislature, or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence. But one State cannot interfere in the affairs of another, even though requested to do so.

B. M. J.—You are right. Unless a couple are married or engaged, it would not be proper for the girl to permit the man to promenade with his arm about her waist, even though nobody else should be visible. If it would be right for anybody to do so, it would be right for everybody to do it; and if it be *right* to do so, then there could be no harm in having it known. A wife, or a betrothed sweetheart, would not feel alarmed to have it known that her husband or her lover put his arm around her waist in walking; but a woman would consider her reputation injured, were it reported that she was in the habit of permitting her male acquaintances to take such a liberty. This is not an unimportant matter, especially as it seems there are girls who "can't see where the harm is." Ask them if they would like to have it known of all men and women, that they are in the habit of thus promenading with their male acquaintances. That is the test.

MARY ANN.—Mary, Queen of Scots, was second cousin to Queen Elizabeth. The latter was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and the former the grand-daughter of Henry's sister, Margaret. Mary was married four times. She fled to England in 1567, and was put to death for conspiring against the life of Elizabeth, at Fotheringay Castle, on the 8th of February, 1587, at the age of forty-five years. It is difficult to speak with accuracy as to her character, inasmuch as historians greatly differ in regard to it, and also inasmuch as very little dependence is to be placed upon history, at any time. She was probably as good a woman as any queen of that age cared to be.

MISS A. B.—We do not remember receiving or publishing any of your poems. We do not wish any more contributors; we have had an announcement to that effect in our paper for years. When we solicit contributions, then you may claim that, in "justice," we are obliged to respond by letter to notes from persons who would put that labor upon our shoulders. At present we have not time to reply to one person in fifty who addresses us in regard to publishing their articles. We deny the right of literary aspirants to so occupy our time, to the detriment of our legitimate business.

SOLITUDE.—It is not a good plan for a person given to melancholy, and to brooding over misfortunes, to spend much time in solitude. Better mix with society freely, and engage in some active and engrossing occupation. Too much brooding on the unhappy past leads to a morbid and unhealthy state of mind, which not unfrequently terminates in insanity or suicide. Break up the habit as soon as possible, and cultivate the utmost cheerfulness of heart and mind. This world is not half as bad as you imagine it to be.

A LOVER wants to know if it is proper for his sweetheart to receive costly presents from a male acquaintance, and if he would be justified in reproving her for doing so? That depends on circumstances. If the friend is some good-hearted old gentleman, who has long been a friend of her family, there is no harm in accepting them; but if the friend is some young fellow, who wishes to ingratiate himself as a rival, she should reject his offered gifts. Love and common-sense should regulate such matters.

CREDULITY.—The gentleman's affection was doubtless sincere, and he probably would have married you had it not been for the obstacle you mention. You did right to discourage his advances so peremptorily; for, though your worthless husband had long been absent, you were still his legal wife, and any manifestation by you of affection for another man would have exposed you to calumny, and perhaps led to lamentable circumstances. A woman should, if she can, always avoid the possibility of the appearance of evil.

N. G. Y.—It is not probable that you will be troubled by the constable any more. He has no right to interfere with you or your property, unless he come armed with power delegated by a higher authority than himself. A constable has no more authority than any other man, until a warrant or execution is put into his hands. He cannot, of his own accord, seize any man's property, or arrest his person, unless he detects him in the commission of some flagrant act.

ABIGAIL.—Graceful hoops *are* graceful; but stiff, pokey, ugly-looking hoops are not graceful. Very short women should not wear very large hoops, if they have any regard to appearances; while tall and slender women may emulate a beer-barrel in the number of their circumgyratory surroundings, and look all the better for it, if the hoops are of the elastic, swaying kind.

WILLIAM.—It is well enough for boys to go hunting or fishing occasionally, but too frequent indulgence in such recreations begets habits of idleness and a distaste for regular study and labor. A boy who *likes to work*, and *is ambitious to do his duty*, is in no danger of being harmed by relaxation; but a lazy, shirking fellow should have but few holidays.

AN OLD TRAVELER.—We are not particular about the names of steamboats, hotels, or anything else, in our stories and articles. Our aim is not to "puff" anybody or anything; and the names of boats, hotels, &c., being used for illustrative and not historical or statistical purposes, it makes no difference what they are called.

FRIGID.—You will find a statement of the difference between love and friendship in the LEDGER of August 15th. You can easily tell when you "truly love," because *then* you will have no doubts on the subject, as far as the sincerity of your own heart may be concerned.

REMLAP.—You can get a permit to visit the Tombs by applying to the Mayor, Recorder, City Judge, or the keeper of the prison itself. In fact, almost any municipal officer can give you a line that will enable you to gain entrance to the Tombs, as they are not very exclusive in regard to visitors.

FILLMORE.—Every man must be his own judge as to what kind of exercise will be best for him.

ENRAGED TRAVELER.—You should have husbanded your rage for a more appropriate occasion. A railroad company has a right to make all needful and reasonable rules and regulations for the benefit of the public and their own protection; and it is the business of a conductor, or other employee of the company, to see that these rules and regulations are enforced. The loss of your ticket was your own affair; and the new conductor did nothing amiss in making you pay your fare on his train. How was he to know that you had bought a ticket in New York, and lost it? Were he compelled to take *your* word, he would also be obliged to take everybody's word; and all that a man would need to do, in order to ride gratis from Maine to Texas, would be to declare, on every train, that he had lost his ticket. Besides, any one who finds a lost ticket *can use it the same as the purchaser could have done*—no conductor being allowed to inquire into the manner of a ticket-holder's coming into the possession of a regularly stamped and issued ticket; and, therefore, if the *loser* of a railroad ticket be permitted to ride *without* it, and the *finder* be entitled to ride *with* it, the company must necessarily be swindled. You will see, therefore, that the loss of your ticket was *not* the company's but *your own* loss; just as would have been the loss, by you, of the money you paid for it. Learn to look on all sides of a question, dear "enraged traveler," and do not permit your selfishness to blind your perceptions as to the rights of others; and you will hereafter find "Jordan," and all other roads, much easier to travel.

ANTI-FLUNKEY.—We agree with you, that the spirit of snobbery or flunkeyism should be inexorably snubbed and scourged; but, we should be careful in condemning our fellow-creatures too hastily in this, as in other matters. A respect for and reverence of rank, of heroism, of wealth, and of power, are implanted ineradicably in human nature. Every noble human heart covets all these distinctions; and every noble heart is also ever ready to pay them *due* deference. Were this not the case, the race would stagnate and deteriorate into one huge family of Hottentots. And the eager curiosity you saw exhibited in Europe to behold a lord, duke, or prince, was quite proper. Mankind are always eager to behold those whose names they have seen paraded constantly in the papers, and those who bear names around which cluster the memories of illustrious deeds and achievements of historic renown. Suppose, for example, that there were lineal descendants of Washington living, and you should be told, in the street, to "look there, and see the grandson of Washington," would you not try to get a glimpse of him, even though he were personally a very inferior man, and you had mourned over the degeneracy of his illustrious line? In all these matters, men are nobler and less undignified than unthinking scribblers represent them to be. Those who rail most against snobbery are generally themselves the greatest snobs.

NUREMBERG.—Marriage, in this State, is regulated by statute. The case you mention is included in the following provision of the Revised Statutes, part 2nd, chapter 8th, title first, article first, section 2nd, to wit: "Marriages between parents and children, including grandparents and grand children of every degree, ascending and descending, and between brothers and sisters of the half, as well as of the whole blood, are declared to be incestuous and absolutely void. This section shall extend to illegitimate, as well as legitimate children and relatives." Section 3rd, of the same article, declares that, "When either of the parties to a marriage shall be incapable, for want of age or understanding, of consenting to a marriage, or shall be incapable from physical causes, of entering into the marriage state, or when the consent of either party shall have been obtained by force or fraud, the marriage shall be void, from the time its nullity shall be declared by a court of competent authority." This covers the second case you refer to (that of the young girl), and her parents or guardian can bring an action in the Supreme Court for annulling the marriage. Call at some lawyer's office, and read the second article of the first title of chapter 8th, part second, of the Revised Statutes, and you will there get all the information you desire.

J. K. S.—The reason why literary men are not oftener elected to high offices, is probably because the public do not consider them sufficiently practical in their views to take charge of the material interests of society. As for "the injustice and neglect with which authors are treated," *that* we consider the most contemptible "*bosh*." Why is an unfortunate author any more deserving of pity than an unfortunate mechanic, clerk or farmer? If a man makes a book, and cannot sell it, wherein does his case differ from that of his fellow-citizen who makes an unsaleable patent-churn? The only difference we can see between these classes is, that the mechanics, farmers, seamstresses, and other hand-laborers, bear their ills and hardships with quiet dignity and manly uncomplainingness, while authors whine and blubber over theirs, and offend the general ear with their complainings. Justice compels us to add, however, that great souls complain not in any department of life; neither Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Carlyle, or any other great-hearted author, complains. They accept their fate, *and triumph in it*, whatever it be. Let us hear no more about "injustice to authors." In fact, if they always had strict justice meted out to them, many who have died in their beds would doubtless have been hanged.

ENGLAND.—Should your son take out naturalization papers in this country, and live here long enough to perfect his citizenship, and then return within the British dominions, he could be seized and punished as a deserter, and the United States Government could not and would not interfere. A little reflection will soon convince you of this fact, and of its justice. Were it otherwise, any European offender could come over here, live five years, and then go back as a citizen of the United States and bid defiance to the laws he had outraged. Such a state of things would not answer at all. Your son must stay here, or at least keep out of the British dominions, forever, if he would be safe, or else get a pardon from the government. Twelve copies of the LEDGER, including the American postage, will be $1 76 each, or twenty-one dollars and twelve cents for the dozen. If you can get a draft on New York, you had better do so; if not, the money would have to be sent by mail.

JUST EIGHTEEN.—You are old enough to know better. We suppose, however, that a girl must be true to her nature, and flirt. The idea, however, that you are actually in love with three beaux, would be comical were it not melancholy. You seem to have mistaken the emotions of animality and the promptings of cupidity, for love; or, perhaps, you are simply bewildered, like a gosling in a thunder-storm. As to your choice of a husband, from among the three fascinating beaux, we have nothing to advise in regard to it. As a general thing, a girl should not marry until she knows what man she loves best; but as you seem to think that it is an easy matter to love three at a time, the rules and principles of ordinary mortals of the feminine gender, will scarcely apply to your case. Why not let the three beaux *vote* on the question—a majority to elect your husband? They could perhaps arrange the matter harmoniously.

J. S. B.—You can get all the back numbers of the LEDGER containing the stories of Orion the Goldbeater and Karmel the Scout. If you wish to have your subscription date from the 7th of June, 1856, you can do so, and we will send you the LEDGER from that date. We have no objection to your subscribing for five years. We send the LEDGER to different post-offices for members of a club, when desired; but all the subscription money must be sent at one remittance.

QUEEN MAB.—Of course there never were any such beings as fairies and genii in the world. It does no harm for children to read stories about such things, and Jack the Giant-Killer, and to believe that—

"The cow jumped over the moon;
While the little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

L. M. S.—We have repeatedly said that a young girl should never conceal anything from her mother; and in love affairs, especially, she should fully confide in her parents. Many a woman who has gone and is going down to a dishonorable grave, would have escaped her wretched doom had she sought her mother's love and counsel, instead of trusting to the deceitful protestations of a strange villain.

EUREKA.—We do not see the force of your reasoning. Every man must conduct his business in his own way and—take the consequences. David could not fight in Saul's armor; and although it was probably the best suit of steel then in existence, he preferred to take his simple stone and sling. A man should thus always choose what he can best work with.

ITALIA.—Before setting out on your three years' tour of Europe, you had better master the French and German languages. With them on your tongue and plenty of cash in your purse, you can make yourself understood anywhere in Europe.

HERMIONE.—Your babe probably has the thrush. If so, a little powdered borax and sugar, sprinkled in its mouth three or four times a day, will cure it. But you had better call in a physician, as it is a dangerous business to treat a sick child in a hap-hazard manner.

MRS. W.—You will inherit your deceased husband's property entire; not from him direct, however, but from your son who died after his father's decease. Had the boy lived, you would have had only your dower, or one-third. All the legal demands against the estate will have to be paid.

JULIUS.—What is called Ethiopian minstrelsy is, for the most part, of Anglo-American origin. The orthography of the verses is Ethiopianized, but the melodies and harmony are such as only white men can originate.

G.—Tell the girl that you love her, and you will soon ascertain whether she reciprocates your affection, or merely regards you with feelings of friendship.

J. C. B.—We will not deviate from our advertised rates, no matter how large a club you may raise. We send papers to club subscribers at different post offices.

JULIET.—You can send a daguerreotype by mail. Do it up in many thicknesses of paper, and prepay the postage upon it.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*